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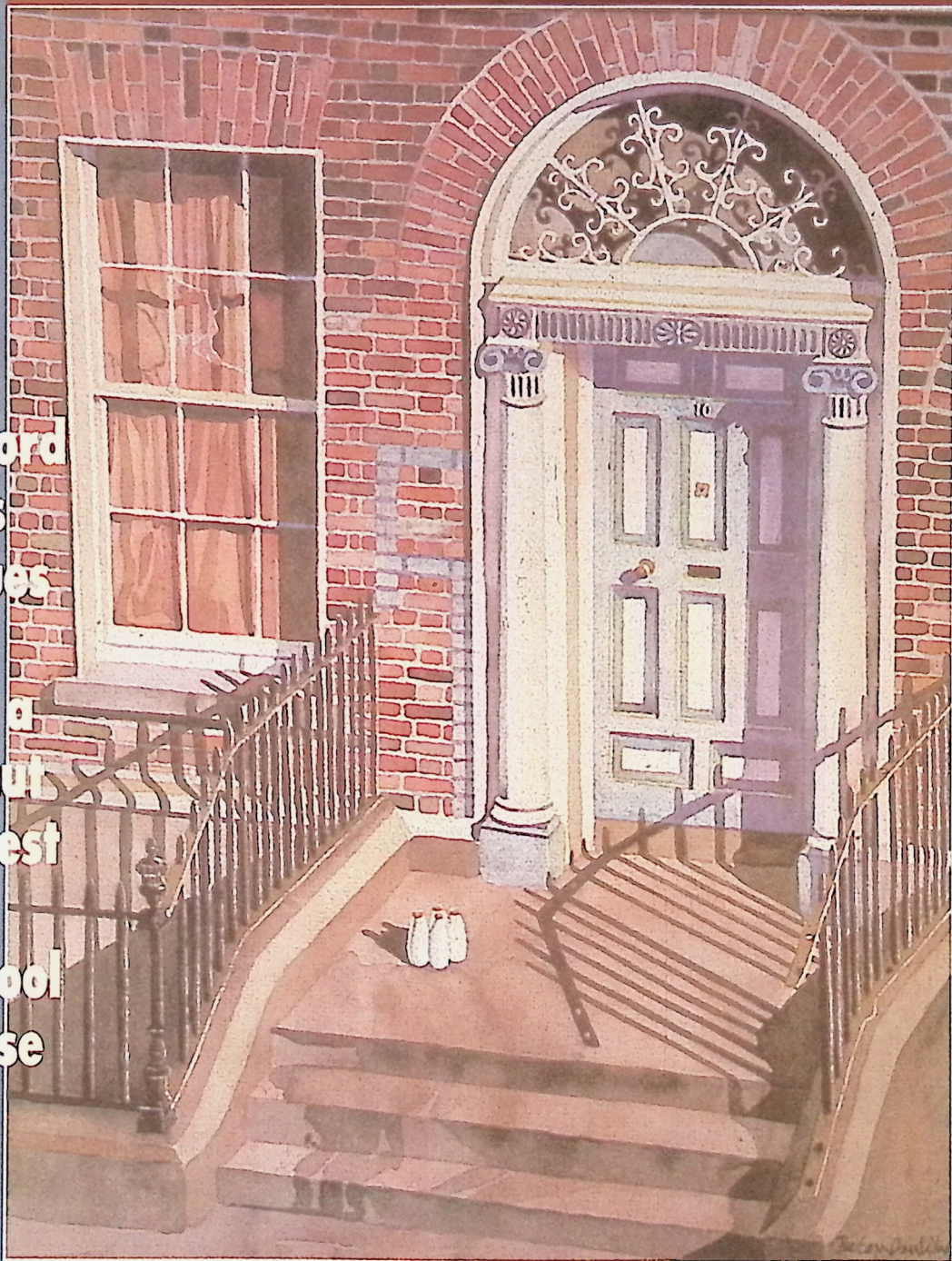
MONTHLY

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sings
the blues

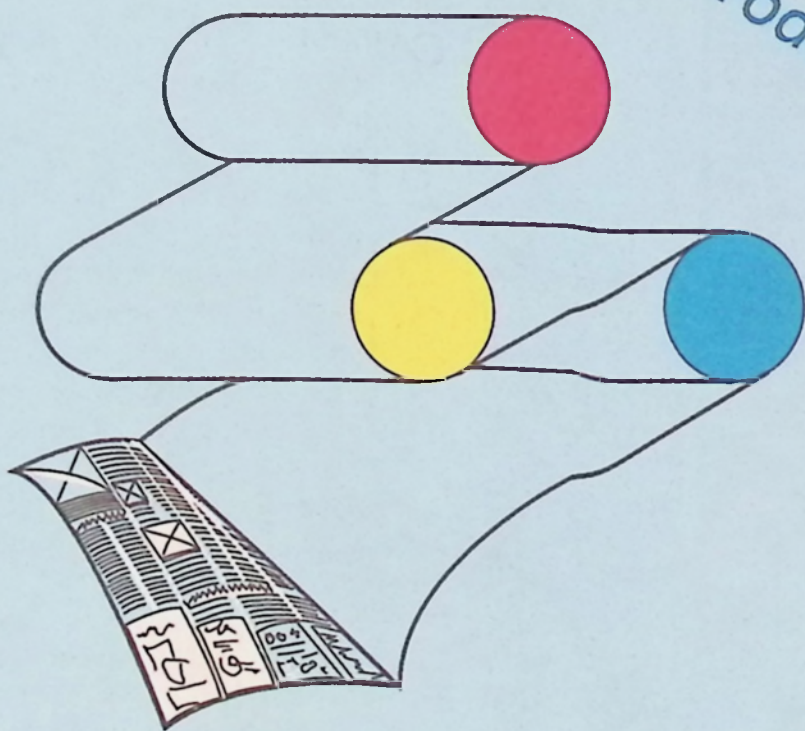
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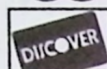
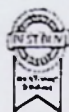
Jefferson Monthly is published 12 times a year for the members of the Jefferson Public Radio Listeners Guild by Courier Publishing Co., P.O. Box 1468, Grants Pass, OR 97526. Editor: Stephen Baily. Managing editor: Barbara Baily. Associate editor: Mike Kotlan. Arts Scene editor: Michele Smirl. Cover painting:

Barbara Baily. Entire contents copyright © 1994 by Courier Publishing Co. Acknowledgments: "Overstory: Zero" originally appeared in the June 1993 issue of *Left Bank*. The lines from the poem of Adonis quoted in the story "Bitter Almonds" are reprinted from *Poetry of Asia* with the permission of Weatherhill Publishers.



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Letters

Anachronistic germs

I enjoyed Kathleen Doyle's article on the Indians' response to the sesquicentennial of the Oregon Trail ["Nothing to Celebrate," November]. Though my family arrived in Oregon late, in the early 1900s, and has a logging background, I also have a Native American ancestor, and I can certainly understand both sides of the issue.

However, one statement in Doyle's article begs for clarification. "It's a well-known fact," Vince Zinglo of the American Indian Cultural Center is quoted as saying, "that, as part of a treaty settlement, the government gave the Lakota people of South Dakota blankets contaminated with the smallpox virus. That's one of the first recorded instances of germ warfare."

The problem with this quote is that Zinglo is ascribing the tactics of germ warfare to the period between 1840 and the 1880s. But it wasn't till 1860 that Louis Pasteur proved that fermentation and putrefaction are caused by microbes, thus ending the long-standing controversy over spontaneous generation. And so there couldn't have been any germ warfare prior to 1860, because the concept of "germs" had yet to come into existence.

Also, it wasn't till 1892 that D. Ivanovski discovered the nature of viruses, and not till about 1935 that the first virus — to be specific, the tobacco-mosaic virus — was crystallized, by W.M. Stanley.

Yes, terrible things happened to the indigenous peoples throughout the Americas. But it's completely inaccurate to attribute the demise of Native Americans to a deliberate policy of "germ warfare" on the part of the U.S. government.

Even so, it's no secret that the government regarded Native Americans as "enemies," and did everything it could to oust them from their lands. And we do need to learn more about the attitudes and beliefs of Native Americans, and to get their input about how best to

live within our environment.

We need to be alert, too, to the fact that we often use language to de-personalize others. When I was in the service, for example, the people in the countries where I was stationed were called "foreign nationals," and so they ceased to be people.

We also use group affiliations to diminish the humanity of others. Thus, we speak of "gang members," or "whites" and "blacks," or "natives" and "settlers," or "Catholics," "fundamentalists," "liberals," "conservatives," "Muslims," etc. And this is all done to dehumanize people — after which it's easy to take the next step and say: "Let's get rid of them." It's always a "them."

Instead of emphasizing our differences, we need to concentrate on our similarities, and on our uniqueness as individuals. Each of us is unique, and yet each of us is human. Race is a figment of our imagination. We do have cultural differences, and sometimes these are destructive. But sometimes, too, they provide wonderful learning experiences.

Again, if we're to integrate our lives successfully into the environment in which we live, we need to stop putting ourselves outside that environment, and to become a part of it, and to learn to see its influence on us, as well as our influence on it.

That's why some of us remain within the listening range of Jefferson Public Radio. We've "opted out" of the rat race of the cities, in favor of a better lifestyle, one that's more family- and group-centered.

Are we beginning to acquire, in a roundabout way, a bit of the centuries-old wisdom of the Native American tribes?

We all have much to learn, and we should never stop seeking.

John C. Ratliff
Roseburg

Questions for Sadler

Russell Sadler knows how to use statistics to thunder from his pulpit about "greedy" corporations ["Politics of envy an artful dodge," December]. And as his homilies are in most of the local papers, he has a congregation. Well and good.

Some definitions for Sadler:

• *Greedy corporation*: A corporation that makes a profit selling things that people want to buy at a price they're willing to pay.

• *Consumer-friendly corporation*: A corporation that doesn't make a profit selling things that people want to buy at a price they're willing to pay.

• *Economic democracy* (aka Clintonomics): Taxing the first to support the second.

Has Sadler considered the following:

• Why must the private sector pay more than the public sector for similarly qualified workers?

• What is it that makes people decide between public-sector and private-sector jobs?

• What's the wage relationship between labor supply and labor demand in the private sector? Public-sector wages don't fluctuate with short-term labor supply and demand.

Roy Shaw
Ashland

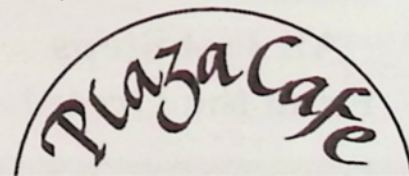
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Tuned in

Ronald Kramer



So what do we do next?

OKAY, GANG, put on your thinking caps, because we've got a problem. The fall Marathon came up about \$10,500 short and, since that makes two Marathons in a row that have ended in disappointment, we're looking at the very real possibility that we've hit our fund-raising ceiling — in which case we don't believe our current three-service programming can survive.

As many of you will recall, we switched from one service to three two years ago, after the combination of a Marathon shortfall and steadily rising NPR dues forced us to conclude that we could no longer continue purchasing NPR programming for what was then our entire operation — a combined news, classical, and jazz service carried on the "old" KSOR and its satellite stations. Splitting into three services immediately saved us \$60,000, because our new Rhythm and News service (R&N) was rewarded with a 50% reduction in dues for becoming a "new" NPR member. The split also substantially increased our audience, nearly doubled our underwriting income, and boosted membership income by almost 60%. But it remained a gamble, because in no other part of the country with a population as small as ours had a similar experiment been tried, and because there was always the chance — as witness the shortfalls in this year's Marathons — that we could be flooding the local market with more public radio than it could support.

This fall's deficit is disturbing less for its size than for the way it breaks down.

The good news is that R&N missed its goal by only \$800, thanks in large part to strong support in Redding and Shasta County for our newest station, KNCA, which finished fourth among our eight stations in pledges.

The bad news is that Classics and News (C&N) was nearly \$10,000 in the hole.

Hindsight suggests that, if the Marathon had run a day longer, R&N might have reached its goal. But, clearly, no reasonable extension of the Marathon would have boosted C&N over the top.

Does that mean C&N has had its day? Before you jump to that conclusion, bear in mind that we've made a substantial investment, not only in C&N and R&N, but in our third service, News and Information (N&I). We've also put considerable effort into extending R&N into areas that lacked it when the split occurred in 1991. (Currently, C&N reaches 100% of our listeners, R&N 75%, and N&I 50%.) R&N listeners who think they wouldn't miss C&N if it were dropped need to understand, too, that the NPR programming they listen to on R&N is being paid for in part by C&N listeners, so that dropping C&N would raise the cost of R&N.

To be sure, if we were better funded, we could take the long view and wait to "grow" new audiences for all three services. Only we'd have a hard time surviving the number of years that might take, given \$10,000 shortfalls to absorb every six months. Nor can we safely overlook the increasing precariousness of state and federal funding. The fact is that, if listeners don't care enough about our three services to preserve them, we'll become an easy target for reductions in essential government support.

THE WAY WE see it, then, the current situation admits of three possible interpretations:

• *Support for JPR is really out there, and the shortfalls of the past two Marathons were merely aberrations.* Because I don't find this hypothesis compelling, it'd make me nervous at this point to post the amount of money we need to raise in next spring's Marathon.

• *It's time to abandon one program service, and consolidate our operations.* Remember, however, that the reason we split into three in the first place was to take advantage of favorable NPR dues policies. We still can't afford full NPR membership for the "old" KSOR, a return to which would consequently mean — what's to us an unacceptable prospect — the loss of much NPR programming for *all* our listeners. Also, when we cancel programming, we lose

the support for that programming. (When we compensated for last spring's shortfall by dropping all NPR programs from N&I, the result was a dramatic reduction in pledges this fall.) So that the possibility is real that eliminating much of our programming or one of our services would throw JPR into a tailspin of declining support.

•We need to find some way to make up the twice-a-year \$10,000 shortfalls. One alternative would be to raise the cost of membership — assuming, of course, that our membership base is finite, and that we've essentially reached its limits.

What's to be done? All we know for sure is that we can't arrive at an answer without your help. Which is why we encourage you to attend the series of town meetings we've scheduled around the region this month.

Naturally, we'd also be pleased to have your written comments and suggestions.

Ronald Kramer is Jefferson Public Radio's director of broadcasting.

Words

Wen Smith



Can't read this? Raise your hand

ON AN AIRPLANE the other day, I picked up, as instructed, my copy of the 737's safety procedures.

"Look at this," I said to my wife.

She read the placard's opening words: "If you're unable to read these instructions, notify a flight attendant."

"They've got to be kidding," she said.

The absurdity of this advice apparently hadn't struck its author, whose mind must have been on something other than the meaning of words.

"Reminds me of the billboard," I said. "You know, the one that says: 'Illiterate? Call 555-...'"

"Nobody who reads the sign will need the number," she said.

We agreed that illiteracy today is a

national disgrace, and that we're doing more to perpetuate it than to cure it.

Everywhere, graphic symbols are replacing words. For instance, just before we boarded our plane, my wife and I visited rest rooms at the airport, I through a door marked with a figure in pants, she through one marked with a figure in a skirt.

I noted that many women were wearing pants, but that none chose the wrong door.

"Of course I know those graphic symbols are good for travelers," I said, remembering a trip to Korea, in whose language I'm illiterate. "Saved me a lot of strain on the bladder."

"Even at home," my wife said, "that upraised palm or walking figure lets pre-school kids know when it's safe to cross a street."

SHE WAS RIGHT. Lives are daily saved and injuries avoided because universal graphics have replaced words.

"And," she said, "the blue-circled figure in a wheelchair makes life easier for those who can't walk."

"That wheelchair is ambiguous," I said. "Even if you walk like an athlete, you can park in those near-the-door spaces if you're visually impaired."

She laughed. "If you can't see this sign, park here."

"This symbol trend is dangerous, too," I said, thinking how today's dependence on pictures makes us care less for precision of grammar, syntax, and diction.

Pictures can make us think words are somehow *yesterday's* tools, on their way to extinction. But sloppy language is even more harmful than environmental pollution, because people are more likely to put up with it.

That's no exaggeration. George Orwell, even before he wrote 1984, told us that corruption of the use of words will "make lies sound truthful and murder respectable" and "give an appearance of solidity to mere wind."

Today, we're nearly a decade on the far side of 1984, and anyone who doesn't know Orwell was right hasn't been watching or listening — and certainly not reading.

As useful as graphic messages are for the illiterate, society may depend on them too much. They symptomize a trend toward the irrational. And that

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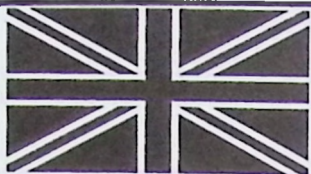
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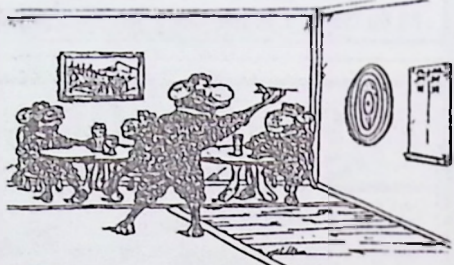
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way madness lies.

Just then, a light flashed above us to interrupt my thoughts. It conveyed a wordless message from our pilot, and wordlessly my wife and I fastened our seat belts.

We didn't have to notify our flight attendant, but she came by anyway to be sure we'd got the message. As if we were graphics-illiterate.

Wen Smith's Speaking of Words is heard on the Jefferson Daily every Monday afternoon, and on KSOR's First Concert Saturdays at 10 a.m.

Outlook

Russell Sadler



Where the money went

MANY HOMEOWNERS in Oregon have seen no reduction in their property taxes, despite the passage of Ballot Measure 5 in 1990. Indeed, in some of the faster-growing areas of the state residential property taxes have actually gone up. And yet the pain of substantial budget cuts is evident to most parents of school-aged children, and supporters of last year's defeated sales tax are still asking for replacement revenue.

So where did the money go?

The first mistake property owners make is to assume that what's happening to their property taxes is happening to everybody's. It isn't. Though cynics have argued all along that "they" — meaning the government — would find a way to keep taxes up despite Measure 5, in fact "they" is a man named Don McIntire, and Measure 5 is doing just what he wrote it to do. Measure 5 is taking care of Don McIntire.

McIntire owns a racquetball club in Gresham, a Portland suburb whose population shot up by 116% between 1980 and 1990, with tax increases to match. So Measure 5 was artfully designed to reduce property taxes for owners of commercial property, who paid 58% of all property taxes before it

passed.

The balance of the relief from Measure 5 has been thinly spread among Oregon's 500,000 homeowners. Only many of these homeowners have seen none of the promised relief so far, because rising assessments have offset Measure 5's first two phased rate reductions. Homeowners blame the county assessors for this, but they should blame themselves, because the fine print in McIntire's Measure 5 changed the rules governing the assessment of property so residential assessments would be closer to the actual selling price. And, in a market artificially stimulated by waves of newcomers to the state, the resultant increase was substantial.

PRIOR TO THE passage of Measure 5, assessed value was what the law calls "true cash value." Assessors assumed a willing seller, a willing buyer, and a *stable* real-estate market when setting the official value of your house. They also figured in a factor to offset the inflation in the price of houses caused by waves of newcomers. And so most residential property in Oregon was assessed below its actual selling price.

McIntire's Measure 5 ended that practice.

Measure 5 required county assessors to set residential property values at "real market value," so that the homeowner was exposed to the full brunt of the superheated residential real-estate market. That's why so many homes assessed since 1990 have jumped so high in value. Since residential real estate turns over more frequently than commercial property, residential property values are now being held much closer to the actual selling price than commercial property values are. And this has shifted the property-tax burden further onto the owners of residential property.

Measure 5, in other words, was a shift, not a gift — or, rather, the continuation of a shift already begun by the Legislature.

During the last two decades, the Legislature has dramatically reduced tax collections from business by repealing the state inheritance tax and inventory tax, by lowering property assessments for agricultural land, and by reducing the base for assessing

urban retail property, private timberlands, and historic properties. Lawmakers also repealed the unitary method of taxation (under which corporations are taxed on their worldwide, and not just their state, earnings), at a loss to the state of more than \$100 million in corporate tax revenues each year.

Thanks to all this, from 1971 to 1991 the share of property taxes paid by the owners of commercial property declined from 68% to 58%, and the burden of financing local government and schools for a growing population was shifted onto homeowners. Then, instead of relieving the burden on homeowners, Measure 5 simply continued the trend of reducing taxes on commercial property.

So now you know where the money went. The owners of commercial property got it. Weyerhaeuser and Georgia-Pacific, Southern Pacific and Union Pacific, U.S. West and Northwest Natural Gas, Portland General Electric and Tektronix all got it. You didn't.

The entire debate over last year's sales-tax proposal and whether schools need replacement revenue rested on the assumption that Oregon is standing still now that the baby-boomers have made theirs. But Oregon isn't standing still, because the boomers are breeding.

Some 76 million Americans were born between 1946 and 1964, but they're no longer the largest generation in U.S. history. Over 80 million Americans were born between 1971 and 1981, and so the annual number of high-school graduates will reach record highs by 2000. The population in the western United States will also grow faster than in other regions.

In Oregon, the Class of 2009 will be 45% larger than the Class of 1992. In Washington, it will be 58% larger; in Arizona, 77% larger; in California, 81% larger; and, in Nevada, 198% larger. With enrollment increases like that, money isn't everything. It's the only thing.

Russell Sadler's Oregon Outlook is heard Monday through Friday on JPR's Morning News and on the Jefferson Daily.

The sky

Richard Moeschl



Come on out

HELLO THERE. You look like the hardy type, so put on your coat and come on outside, because the nights in January have a lot to offer.

Sure, it's freezing, but the skies, when free of clouds as they are tonight, are the clearest and darkest they'll be all year, so the Milky Way — as you can see for yourself — is at its most brilliant.

Face south. That's right. Now you're looking at the edge of the galaxy, as it sweeps away from its center, toward the expanses of space.

See those constellations clustered alongside it? They're what many stargazers consider the year's most interesting grouping — Taurus, Orion, Canis Major, Canis Minor, Gemini, and Auriga. The bright stars of these six constellations, when connected by the knowledgeable eye, form what's known as the Winter Hexagon.

Each of these constellations has inspired a multitude of myths, and each has a famous star or group of stars within its borders. Taurus, for example, is the bull into which Zeus changed himself to carry Europa away to Crete; and the fuzzy patch of stars in Taurus is the Pleiades, or Seven Sisters. (In Japan, the name for the Pleiades is Subaru, so let's hope, if you happen to be the owner of one, that it hugs the road in a heavenly fashion.)

That V-shaped group of stars over there outlines the head of Taurus, and the bright star shining with a distinct reddish glow from Taurus' eye is Aldebaran.

Now look below and to the left. There stands the mighty hunter Orion, whose famous belt of three stars is easy to spot, and whose upraised arm is marked by the reddish star Betelgeuse.

Few hunters are foolish enough to venture out into the wilds without a dog, and Orion is no exception. The big mutt striding at his side is his faithful companion Canis Major, in whose fur burns blue Sirius, the brightest star in

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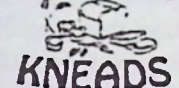
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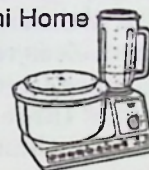
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the heavens.

Orion has a little dog, too. See him running above Sirius? That's Canis Minor, whose bright star, Procyon, announces the rising of Sirius.

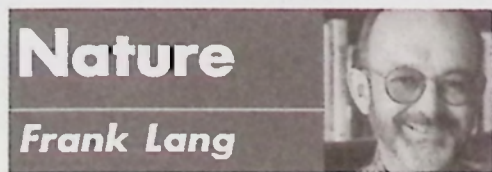
Okay, now look up and to the right of Procyon. The names of the two bright stars you see there are Castor and Pollux, and together they make up Gemini, the Twins. Castor, poor fellow, is mortal, but Pollux, his brother, is the immortal son of Zeus and Leda.

Between Gemini and Taurus is the pentagon-shaped constellation Auriga, named for the lame shepherd who invented the chariot. Auriga, seated, is holding, for some reason, a she-goat, from whose heart shines Capella, the sixth-brightest star in the sky. Legend has it that this she-goat nursed the infant Zeus when he was growing up in secret on Crete.

The three stars below Capella? They're three kids Auriga is holding, while, in his other hand, careful driver that he is, he holds the reins of his chariot. The star on the tip of Taurus' horn also indicates the base of Auriga, and lies almost at the center of the group that makes up the Winter Hexagon.

How's that? You're getting a crick in your neck? Okay, class dismissed. Brrr. You're right. I could use some hot chocolate myself.

Richard Moeschl hosts the Milky Way Starlight Theater, heard on Jefferson Public Radio's Rhythm and News and News and Information services.



In one ear and out the other

MANY NON-HUMAN creatures give us the creeps — for the very good reason that they specialize in creeping. The earwig is one such creature and, as its name indicates, what we mainly worry about its creeping into is our ears, when we're asleep.

We also worry about earwigs'

creeping into the garden to munch on our fruits and vegetables, or appearing unannounced and certainly uninvited as added protein in some vegetarian dish.

Like most of our fellow creatures on earth, however, earwigs have their good side, and often live interesting, useful lives.

In southern Oregon, we're most familiar with the common European earwig, *Forficula auricularia*, first introduced here in the early 1900s. This species has an elongated shiny-brown body with legs of even length, antennae at one end, and a pair of horrific pincers at the other. The males have larger, curved, forceps-like pincers, while the females' pincers are mostly straight.

On their backs, earwigs have two pairs of wings. One pair is a scale-like cover over the other, which is larger and elegantly folded, origami-like, underneath.

EARWIGS, DESPITE their wings, are no great fliers. They make up for this deficiency, however, by being rapid runners. Active only at night, they spend their days in humid hideaways under leaves, stones, or bark, and prefer tight places, such as the folds in rags, or the spaces between the pages of old, damp newspapers. After a night of foraging, they gather in groups that sometimes number in the thousands.

Earwigs are greedy, eager eaters, and use their chewing mouth-parts, not only on tender plants, but also on all kinds of smaller insects, including plant lice, fruit caterpillars, and even fleas.

As for their pincers, they use them in self-defense, to grasp prey and help unfold hind wings, and in mating.

The social life of the earwig is especially interesting. They mate indiscriminately in summer, but often live monogamously in winter, when mates share a burrow. In early spring, however, after the female lays 40 to 50 shiny eggs, her behavior changes. She runs off any intruder — including her mate — and devotes her attention to the eggs, continually licking off fungal spores and other harmful microorganisms.

If the nest is too wet or dry, she makes a new one, and moves the eggs

to it one at a time. Once the eggs hatch, she watches maternally over the young and, if they stray too far, brings them back. Even when they're larger, and begin foraging for food, the young continue to return to the nest.

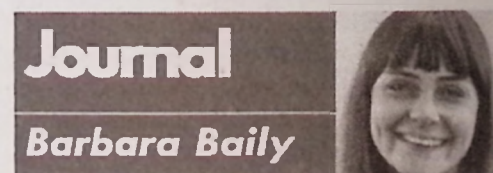
That's a lot of mother love for such a lowly creature, and eventually it wears mama out, to the point where, weakened by her exertions, she dies, and is eaten by her ungrateful progeny.

If earwigs are a problem in your garden, you can use chemicals to get rid of them. Or, better yet, take advantage of their enthusiasm for close places by setting rags or damp newspapers out to attract them. If the tactic succeeds, you're in business: all you've got to do is lace up your army boots and start stomping away.

Another option, of course, is to put up with the creatures and hope they eat more harmful bugs than vegetables and fruit.

And, oh, yes. If you're still worried about sleeping at night, try earplugs.

Dr. Frank Lang's Nature Notes can be heard Fridays on the Jefferson Daily and Saturdays at 8:30 a.m. on JPR's Classics and News Service.



Ever upwards

MOST PEOPLE think of broadcasters as sedentary creatures who spend all their time hunched over microphones, but, as Paul Westhelle can tell you, the profession can occasionally involve its practitioners in adventures right out of an Indiana Jones movie.

On Nov. 12, Westhelle — who might well qualify for admission to the record book as holder of the world's longest job title: *associate director of broadcasting for marketing and development at Jefferson Public Radio* — put on his hard hat to supervise the installation of an 80-foot-tall power pole 4,800 feet up Mount Bradley, a mile and a half west of Dunsuir.

The installation of this power pole will



Power pole for KNSQ being installed in November atop Mount Bradley, west of Dunsmuir.

make possible the commencement of operations of Jefferson Public Radio's new station in Mount Shasta, KNSQ, which, from a permanent address at 88.1 on the FM dial, will carry JPR's Rhythm and News service into northern California.

"It was a pretty hairy trick to drive that 80-foot pole around the switchbacks," Westhelle, who acquired more than one white hair from the experience, recalls. "They were so extreme we had to use a crane to lift the pole up and around the turns. It took Dwight's Repair of Dunsmuir eight hours to get the pole up the mountain, and Hawkeye Construction of Medford another five hours to install it."

Also new atop Mount Bradley is an eight-by-ten-foot building in which Westhelle can take refuge whenever he has reason to visit the power pole in a

blizzard. Construction of the building, which is valued at \$3,000, was donated by Timberworks of Mount Shasta and, since the building is in an environmentally protected area, JPR had to go through a public hearing and obtain a conditional-use permit for the project. JPR has also secured an 11-year lease for the building's site, from Roseburg Forest Products.

KNSQ is what's known as a protected service, which means you'll be shot at dawn if you try to displace it from the air.

In a related development, JPR has opened a small studio in Redding to serve as its headquarters in northern California. Another station will begin operating soon in Yreka — but there's absolutely no truth to the rumor that Westhelle is next planning to supervise the installation of a power pole atop Mount Everest.

I DON'T KNOW about you, but I've always wanted to go to Siberia and, in particular, to the part of it known as Tuva, where the people enliven their leisure hours by making flute music with their throats.

Unfortunately, the family budget won't allow me to book reservations for Tuva anytime soon, but I can get there in spirit, and so can you, at 8 p.m. on Jan. 9 at the Music Recital Hall at Southern Oregon State College. That's when the Throat Singers of Tuva are scheduled to perform.

The Throat Singers are a trio whose members literally use their throats to produce flute-like whistles. Their repertoire consists of shamanic healing songs, lullabies, and ceremonial hymns that are central to Tuvan culture.

The members of the trio also play traditional Tuvan instruments such as the khomus, which resembles the Jew's harp, and the igil, a three-stringed bowed instrument something like a violin.

Tickets to their performance at SOSOC are \$15 (\$12 for students).

For reservations, call 503-552-6461.

IF YOU'VE HAD IT with your kids' vegging out in front of the boob tube, pull the plug on it on Sunday night at 8 and have them tune in instead to the "Musical Enchanter Storytelling Hour" on JPR's Rhythm and News service.

The program features Paul Richards and Tish Seinfeld of Ashland, who recently switched it to JPR after doing it on a commercial station.

"It's a little experiment that's turned into an amazing thing, and that appeals to adults as well as children," Richards says. "We honor traditional storytelling with a different guest each week, and among the guests we've had has been Emilio Delgado of 'Sesame Street'. We also do storytelling with Disney-like sound tracks, and there's lots of music."

The show, taped at the Max Image recording studio in Ashland, was recently picked up by radio station WNYE in New York City.



The Throat Singers of Tuva

Overstory: Zero

*A former 'brush ape' explains how,
in the eyes of industrial silviculture,
a clear-cut is a forest*

BY ROBERT HEILMAN

THE MAIN THING is to have a big breakfast. It's not an easy thing to do at 4 a.m., but it's essential, because lunch won't come for another seven or eight hours, and there'll be four or more hours of grueling work to do before you can sit down and open up your lunch box.

The kids on the crew, 18-year-olds fresh out of school, sleep in the extra half-hour, and pass up breakfast in favor of Perky Pies, candy bars, and cans of soda bought during the morning stop at the store on the way out to the unit. After wolfing these down in the crummy, they go through the brush like a gut-shot cat for awhile — and then drag ass for the rest of the morning. But, if you're an old-timer, in your mid-twenties, you know how to pace yourself for the long haul.

At breakfast at 4 a.m., you're exhausted, of course, and your calves, hips, arms, and lower back are all stiff and sore. But you're used to that, because you're always tired and hurting. (The only time you feel normal

is on the slopes, when the stiffness and fatigue are melted off by the work.) And the fatigue gets worse as the week progresses, till by Saturday, your day off, it takes hours to feel comfortable. (On Sunday morning, by contrast, you jump out of bed at four ready to stomp through downtown Tokyo breathing fire and scattering tanks with your tail.)

During breakfast on a workday, your stomach is queasy, but you force the good food into it anyway — a big stack of pancakes with peanut butter and syrup, four eggs, bacon, and coffee. There's a point, though, when your belly refuses to take any more and, with saliva flooding your mouth, you force back the retching, put the forkful of food down on the plate, and light another cigarette.

It's dark outside, and raining, of course — they aren't called the Cascades for nothing. It's also December, so the solstice sun won't rise till eight, when you're three hours and a hundred miles from home, somewhere along a logging road upriver.

Raincoat and rain pants, hard hat,

rubber work gloves, cotton liner gloves, and a stiff pair of caulk boots stuffed with newspaper crowd around the woodburner. All this gear is streaked with mud, except the boots, which are caked with an inch-thick mud sole covering their steel spikes. The liner gloves hang stiff and brown, their curving fingers frozen. They put you in mind of a dismembered mannequin's hand making an elegant but meaningless gesture.

Mornings are slow. It's hard to move quickly when your stomach is bloated and your body stiff. And then, despite the coffee, your mind is still foggy with fatigue. You have to move, though, or miss your ride to town and lose your job.

The laxative effect of the coffee would ordinarily send you to the toilet, but your ride is due soon, so you save it for later. Better to do it on Company time anyway, squatting out in the brush. It gives you a pleasant break and a few minutes of privacy, and it pisses off Jimboy, the foreman — the more so because, being a college boy and therefore trained to worry about what

people think of him, he can never bring himself to complain about it.

Lester the Rat taught him the score the first week of the season, when, after planting a seedling, he straightened up and turned around to empty his bladder. Jimboy, happening to glance his way, saw Les standing with his back turned, staring idly across at the opposite slope.

"Hey, Gaines, get back to work! Let's go!"

The Rat turned to face him, shaking the last golden drops off, and smiled pleasantly, showing a mouth full of crooked, snoose-stained teeth.

"Sure thing, Jim," he said mildly. "You bet."

None of the professors up at the university had ever mentioned anything like that, and Jimboy blushed delicately, while, all up and down the line, the crew snickered.

Jimboy makes more money than you do, and doesn't work as hard, which is bad enough. But he's also afraid, because it's his first winter on the slopes, and he's not used to riding herd on a gang of brush apes. He wants to make a good impression, too, on his boss, the head forester, so he tries to push his ten-man crew into ever-greater production. He sees himself as a leader of men, a rugged scientist overseeing the great work of industrial progress. Everyone tries to get his goat, in hopes that — with a little luck — he'll amuse us some day by breaking out in tears, the way Tommyboy, the last foreman, did.

"You guys are just animals," Tommyboy sobbed, setting off a delighted chorus of wolf howls and coyote yelps.

It was the high point of the season, and a considerable source of pride for the whole crew.

THE MERCURY-arc lamps light up the mill with a weird hellish orange glow. Steam rises from the boilers, and there's a sour rotting smell everywhere. The huge metal buildings bristle with an improbable-looking tangle of chains, belts, and pipes, and there's a constant whistling, clanging, and screaming coming from them.

Through the huge open doorways,

you can see the mill hands at work in their T-shirts, sorting out, like desperate dwarves, an unending flow of lumber and veneer.

They make more money than you, and stay dry, but you feel pity and contempt for them, because the poor bastards stand in one spot all night, moving to the computerized rhythm of conveyors, instead of at their own human speed. And the cavernous interior of the mill seems as cramped as a closet compared to the slopes.

As for you, you work for the mill, too, but not in it, on a Company reforestation crew. Most of the Company land is planted by contractors, but the mill runs a crew that plants land the contractors won't touch, because it's too steep, or too ravaged, or too brushy for them.

Acres away, beyond the log pond, past the tall walls of stacked logs, and next to the hangar-sized heavy-equipment repair shop, is a small refrigerated trailer full of seedling trees in large waxed boxes. When you get there, Mudflap and Sluggo are helping Jimboy load tree-boxes into the back of a four-wheel-drive crew-cab pickup. They're young, straight out of high school, and eager to get a promised job in the mill come spring, so they "work hard and show up every day."

You transfer your gear over to a mud-covered Chevy Suburban crummy. The rig is a mess, both outside and inside — the seats are torn, the headliner is gone, and the ceiling drips from the condensed breath of its packed occupants — but you have a great fondness for the ugly thing, because it's an oasis of comfort compared to the slopes, and you spend a large part of your life roaring upriver and down powered by its monster 454 V-8.

None of this crummy-time is paid. Only the 40 hours a week on the slopes earns you money. The other ten to 20 hours of tedium isn't the Company's concern. Including your half-hour

lunch, you and the rest of the crew spend 11 to 13 hours a day together for your eight hours' pay.

All winter long, you see the others more than you see your wife and kids. You know your co-workers intimately

after so many cramped hours. You bicker and tease each other half-heartedly, like old married couples, out of habit more than need.

*The foreman
sees himself
as a leader
of men, a
rugged scientist
overseeing the
great work of
industrial
progress*

YOU AND the other nine members of the crew plant about 7,000 seedling trees every day, enough for each planter to cover a little over an acre of logged-off mountainside. It gets

depressing when you start adding it up. Seven hundred seedlings a day works out to 3,500 a week, or 14,000 a month, or 56,000 in a season, for one man planting one tree at a time.

Maybe, reader, you've seen the TV commercials put out by the Company: panoramas of snowcapped mountains, silvery lakes, and rivers; close-ups of cute critters frolicking; young stands of second growth green and even as a manicured lawn; and a square-jawed handsome woodsman tenderly planting a seedling. These commercials make reforestation seem as heart-warming, wholesome, and benevolent as a Disney flick in which some scroungy mutt plays the role of a wild coyote. Get out a calculator, though, and you'll quickly discover that 700 trees in eight hours equals 87.5 trees an hour — or one punched in every 41 seconds. And how much tenderness can you give a small green seedling in 41 seconds?

Planting is done with an improbable-looking tool called a hoedag. Imagine a heavy metal plate 14 inches long and four inches wide — in all, maybe five pounds of steel — mounted on a single-bit ax handle. Two or three sideways hacking strokes with this implement scalp a foot-square patch of ground, then three or four stabs with the tip, and the blade is buried up to the haft.

Six blows 700 times adds up to 4,200 a day. And, at five pounds each, that comes to 21,000 pounds of lifting. Moreover, what's left of the topsoil generally isn't deep enough to sink a 'dag in, so you have to punch through whatever subsoil, rocks, or roots lie hidden by the veneer of dirt.

Pumping up and down on the handle, you break up the soil and open a hole, then dangle the roots of the seedling down in it and yank the blade out. The dirt pulls the roots down to the bottom of the hole — maybe ten or 12 inches — after which you give the seedling a tug to get the root collar even with the ground, and tamp the soil around it with your foot.

The next tree goes in eight feet away from the last, and eight feet away from the tree of the next man in line. Two steps, and you're there. It's a sort of rigorous dance all day long — scalp, stab, stuff, stomp, and split; scalp, stab, stuff, stomp, and split — every 41 seconds, 700 times a day.

Seven hundred trees eight feet apart translates into a line of seedlings 5,600 feet long — more than a mile. Of course, the ground is never level, and that means you march up and down mountains all day — straight up and straight down, since, though nature never made a straight line, forestry professors and their students are fond of them. So you march a quarter-mile straight down and then back up, eat lunch, and do it again.

The ground itself is never really clear, even on the most carefully charred reforestation unit. Stumps, old logs, debris, boulders, and brush have to be gone over or through or around with almost every step. And meanwhile two watertight tree-bags, about the size and shape of brown-paper grocery-store bags, hang on your hips, rubbing them raw under the weight of the 30 to 40 pounds of seedlings stuffed inside them.

It's best, though, not to think about all that. The proper attitude is to consider yourself eternally damned, with no tomorrow or yesterday — just the

unavoidable present to endure. Besides, you tell yourself, it's not so bad once you get used to it.

TREE-PLANTING IS done, for the most part, by winos and wetbacks, hillbillies and hippies. It's brutal, mind-numbing, underpaid stoop labor. Down there in Hades, Sisyphus sees the tree-planters, and thanks his lucky stars he's got such a soft gig.

Still, being at the bottom of the Northwest social order and at the top of the local ass-busting order gives you an

exaggerated pride in what you do. You and your partners invade small grocery stores like a biker gang, because it's easy to mistake fear for higher forms of respect. And, being a planter, you might as well.

In a once-rugged society gone docile, you've inherited a vanishing tradition of ornery individualism. The ghosts of drunken bullwhackers, rowdy miners and cowpunch-

ers, and bomb-tossing Wobblies count on you to keep alive the 120-proof spirit of irreverence towards civilization that built the West.

A good foreman, one who rises from the crew by outworking everybody else, understands this, and uses it to inspire his crew to work harder than necessary. On the other hand, a foreman who's uncomfortable with the underlying violence of his crew becomes its target. It's rare for a crew to beat up a foreman, but it happens.

THE LONG, SMELLY ride ends on a torn-up moonscape of gravel. No one stirs, and you peer out the foggy windows of the crummy, through a gray mist of Oregon dew, at the unit, wondering how steep, brushy, and rocky it is; and whether the clay is red and sticky, or yellow and doughy; and

whether the unit is freshly cut or decades old; and whether this will be a partial replanting or a first attempt. The answers lie hidden behind a curtain of rain, and you're not eager to learn them.

Finally, the foreman steps out, the crummy empties — with a few mutterings — and the men jostle for their equipment in the back. Most planters aren't particular about the tree-bags they use, but each has a favorite 'dag that's rightfully his. Greenhorns learn not to grab the wrong ones when their owners come around cursing and threatening.

The relationship between a planter and his tool is an odd but understandable one. You develop a fondness for your 'dag over time. You get used to the feel of it, the weight and balance and grip of it in your hand. Some guys would rather part with their wives.

On the steeper ground, the hoedag is a climbing tool, like a mountaineer's ice ax. It clears the way through heavy brush like a machete. You can lean on it like a cane to help straighten your sore back, and it's the weapon of choice when a weapon is needed. It also allows you to open up stumps and logs in search of the dark-gold pitch that'll start a fire in a cold downpour; and to dig a quick fire trail if your fire runs off up the hill.

After the foreman hands out the big waxed cardboard boxes full of trees, the boxes are ripped open with a 'dag, and you carry double handfuls of seedlings, wired up in bundles of 50, over to the handiest puddle, to wet down their roots. Dry roots will kill a tree before it can get into the ground, so the idea isn't just to add extra weight to make the job harder — though that's the inevitable result.

Three hundred to 400 trees get stuffed into the double bags, depending on their size and the length of the morning's run. And, if the nursery hasn't washed the roots properly before attending to the bundling and packing, the mud, added water, and trees can make for a load that's literally staggering.

No one puts on his bag till the boxes are burnt. This is a ritual so indispensable that depriving a crew of its morning fire is held, by crummy-

*You invade
small grocery
stores like a
biker gang,
because it's easy
to mistake
fear for higher
forms of respect*

lawyers everywhere, to be justifiable grounds for mutiny. Some even argue that homicide in such a case would be ruled self-defense, but so far no one I know of has ever tested this theory.

The waxed cardboard burns wonderfully bright and, as a column of flame 15 feet high lights up the road, everyone gathers around to get a little warmth and a lot of courage. Steam clouds rise from your rain gear as you rotate before the fire. It feels great, and you need it, because, once the flames turn to ashes, you're going over the side.

"Okay. Everybody get loaded and space out," the Mouth calls out at last.

Obediently, you strap on your bag, tilt your tin hat, and grab your 'dag, then shuffle over to the edge of the road and line up eight feet from the man on each side of you.

THE REDOUBTABLE Mighty Mouth plants in the lead spot, and the men behind him work in order, from the fastest to the slowest. It's a shameful thing to plant slower than the guy behind you. If he's impatient, or out to score points with the boss, he'll jump your line, leaving you to plant in his position and sink lower in the cock-of-the woods rankings. Besides, slow planters get fired.

Of course there are many tricks you can use to appear to be faster than you really are. You can stash trees, widen your spacing, or push the man behind you into the rougher parts, while you widen or narrow your line to stay in the gravy. But all of these tactics will get you in trouble one way or another, if not with the boss, then — worse still — with the crew.

IT'S A GOOD idea not to look at the clear-cut itself. Better to stay busy with whatever is immediately in front of you, because, as with all industrial processes, there's beauty in the details, and ugliness in the larger view. A film of oil on a puddle has an iridescent sheen

It's a good idea not to look at the clear-cut, but to focus on what's in front of you, because, as with all industrial practices, there's beauty in the details, and ugliness in the larger view

that's lovely in a way the junkyard it's part of isn't. And, similarly, clear-cuts contain many wonderful things — jasper, petrified and sun-bleached bits of wood, bone and antler, wildflowers. But the sum of these finely wrought details is a grim landscape, charred, eroded, and sterile.

Though tree-planting is part of something called "reforestation," clear-cutting is never called "deforestation" — at least not by its practitioners. The semantics of forestry doesn't allow it. The mountain slope is a "unit," and the forest a "timber stand," while logging is a "harvest," and repeated logging "rotation."

On the work-sheets foresters use is a pair of numbers that track the layers of canopy — the covering of branches and leaves the trees have spread out above the soil. The top layer is called the *overstory*, and the layer beneath it the *understory*, so that a forest may have an overstory averaging a height of, say, 180 feet, and an understory averaging 75 feet. Clear-cuts, on these work-sheets, are designated "overstory: zero."

In other words, in the language — and therefore the thinking — of industrial silviculture, a clear-cut is a forest. The system doesn't recognize any depletion at all. The Company is fond of talking about trees as a

renewable resource, and the official line is that clear-cutting, followed by reforestation, results in a net gain.

"Old-growth forests are dying, unproductive forests — biological deserts full of

diseased and decaying trees," the Company forester will tell you. "By harvesting and replanting, we turn them into vigorous, productive stands."

Ask him, however, if he'd be willing to trade Company-owned old growth for a clear-cut of the same acreage, and the answer will always be: "Of course not."

You listen to this, and tell yourself it's the Company that treats the land shabbily. You try to see your work as a frenzied, life-giving dance in the ashes of a plundered world, and you focus on the future and the green legacy you'll leave behind. But in your heart you know your work also makes the plunder seem rational, and that it is, at

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its core, just another part of the destruction.

More than the back-breaking physical labor, this effort not to see the world as it really is exhausts you. It takes a lot of effort not to notice, and not to care. When the world around you is painful and ugly, that pain and ugliness seep into you, no matter how hard you try to keep them out. They build up like a slowly accumulating poison. And sometimes the poison turns to venom, and you strike out, as suddenly as any

rattlesnake, but without the rattler's honest warning.

And so you bicker with the guys on the crew, argue with the foreman, and snap at your wife and kids. For you do violent work in a world where the evidence of violence is all around you. You see it in the scorched earth and the muddy streams. You feel it when you step out from the living forest into the barren clear-cut. It rings in your ears with the clink of steel on rock. And it jars your arm with every stab of your hoedag.

of reading progress reports on reforestation units.

Like infantry, planters know weariness and hopelessness in the face of insanity.

"The millions of trees the timber industry plants every year are enough to cover a strip four miles wide from here to New York," the foreman tells you.

Your heart sinks at the thought of that much clear-cutting, but madman Phil, the poet, sees a vision. "Forward, men!" he cries. "Shoulder to shoulder, we march on New York! The American tree-planter! Ever onward!"

Someone starts it, and then the whole crew is humming "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," while we work, and Phil rants. In our minds, we cross the Cascades, the Snake River country, the Rockies, and the Great Plains, and march onward, ever onward, a teeming, faceless coolie army led by Sasquatch and Mao Tse-Tung — a barbarian horde leaving a swath of green behind us "from sea to shining sea."

"Oh, God!" Jimboy moans. "You guys are crazy!"

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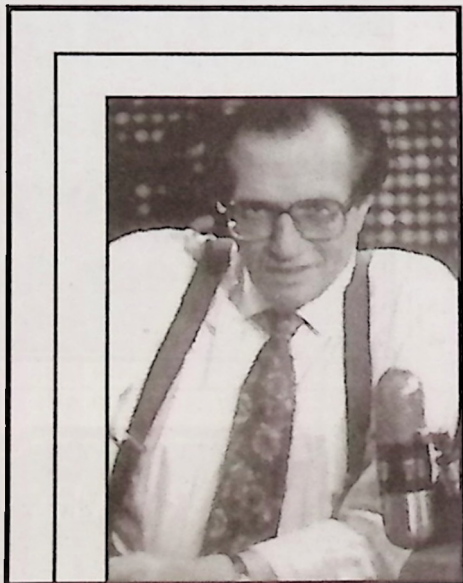
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WAR IS HELL," General Sherman said bluntly, because, unlike a Pentagon spokesman, he was in the middle of one, and couldn't conceive of something so abstract as "collateral damage."

"Planting sucks," you and your fellow planters say, because, unlike the mill owner who signs your paycheck, you slog through the mud and bend your back on mountain slopes, instead



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Pre-school paradise

In France, everyone has access to free day care

IMAGINE A TOTALLY state-funded pre-school and kindergarten program lasting six hours a day. A visionary dream, you say? In the U.S., maybe, but not in France. In France last year, our family had an opportunity to experience just such a program. While my husband taught English at a French university, our son attended what's called an *Ecole Maternelle*.

We decided at the outset to approach the French pre-school system with open minds, on the theory that it was bound to differ in many respects from what we were accustomed to in the U.S. Only by temporarily suspending our cultural judgments, we realized, would we be able fairly to assess what the French system had to offer.

My son had the advantage of speaking fluent French before our arrival in France, but, even so, integration into the *maternelle* required adjustment on all our parts. What we really appreciated in this regard was the underlying assumption of French educators that *every* child can be integrated into the *maternelle* — an assumption that's become increasingly important in light of France's rapidly

growing immigrant population.

Most of the children at the *maternelle* had been attending school from the time they were two and a half, and the teacher spoke quite frankly with us about the difficulties faced by a child first entering the system, as my son was, at age five. (French teachers can, from an American point of view, be disconcertingly frank, but, a few months later, when my son's teacher told me how well he was adapting, I had no reason to doubt her, since she'd been so honest from the start.) For one thing, the *maternelle* is more structured than its American counterparts, with definite limits set from the very first day. There's also a large student-to-teacher ratio — in some schools, as high as 30 to one — but this is offset by the presence in each classroom of a *dame de service*, or teacher's aide. In my son's class, this was a wonderful woman who was completing a degree in biology.

Since my son's school was open from eight to four, and that seemed to us a bit long, we ended up sending him part-time. His day ran from eight to 1:30, and included *la cantine*, a sort of pre-school restaurant in which the children enjoyed multi-course French

meals. (After reading a sample menu — "Tomates Mimosa, Filet de Sole Sauce Normande, Pommes de Terre Rondes, Chanteneige, Raisin" — I was ready to sign up myself!) The *cantine*, which provided an excellent opportunity for small-group socialization, was the first important step in my son's adjustment to the *maternelle* and, with a ratio of 15 children to four adults, gave him a personalized introduction to the wonders of French cuisine. Indeed, the adult supervisors were so delighted to have a child who was willing to try anything — what the French call a true *gourmand*, one who loves to eat — that, since he was American, they made a point of teaching him the names of many French cheeses. This special instruction had an unforeseen consequence, however. Whenever we were invited out to dinner and the cheese course arrived, my son would look critically at the selection and ask: "*Est-ce qu'il y a du Bleu d'Auvergne?*" or for some other cheese that of course wasn't on the platter.

EARLY IN THE school year, my son's group of four- and five-year-olds, accompanied by their teachers, but no parents, went off for a *classe verte* — a week-long workshop at a nature-study center in the mountains on the Swiss border. My son stayed at the center — which was staffed with highly competent university students — for half a week and, when I picked him up, the director told me that such centers have existed in France since 1936, having been introduced as part of a package of social reforms that included five weeks' paid vacation and universal medical coverage. Some of the centers are state-run, and others are operated by private associations.

While my son was at the center, the children went on walks in the forest, gathering specimens from different trees and later incorporating this hands-on experience in classroom discussions. They also visited a farm, swam in an indoor pool, helped prepare their own meals, and took a train over the border into Switzerland.

For the rest of the year, my son spoke enthusiastically about his *classe verte*.

What I found particularly interesting



During a school celebration, kids at the *Ecole Maternelle* dressed in the costumes of various European nations.

at the *maternelle* was the way the children were taught to read and write simultaneously. The method in use was originally developed for dyslexic children, and involves the telling of stories about, and the association of a sound and gesture with, each new letter and group of letters. Thanks to this innovative technique — which could well find fruitful application in American schools — children learn to read in record time, and thoroughly enjoy doing it.

WHERE THE French and American educational systems differ sharply, I discovered, is in their attitude toward parents. American schools actively encourage parents to take part, but French parents aren't normally allowed in the classroom. In France, school and home are considered complementary but separate worlds — though there's ample opportunity for parents to participate in field trips. I went along on a wonderful one to a dairy farm and two French cheese

factories, one family-operated and the other an industrial venture.

The parents of each child at the *maternelle* are also asked to provide a *gouter*, or snack, every few months. Our muffins, very enthusiastically received, were referred to as "little English cakes" — and it struck me it might be getting to be time to return to the U.S. when my son began wondering if he was English.

Towards the end of the year, my son's teacher asked me to come to class to give a short presentation on Oregon.

Following the advice of a friend, I started by talking about animals — specifically, raccoons, porcupines, and other species found in America but not in France. To my surprise, the children listened attentively for 45 minutes, and the questions they asked were intelligent and interesting.

It's not easy to explain to the French our system of local control of education, and how, under it, public schools, depending on their geographical location, may differ widely in their teaching of such subjects as evolution. In France, the educational system is a national one, and this has both positive and negative effects. On the one hand,

it's easier for the French to set educational goals and a curriculum that ensures that all children get a comparable education. On the other hand, there's less room for flexibility, creativity, and the sort of independent thinking we value so highly in the U.S.

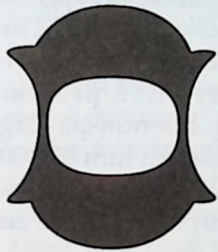
Just as exposure to another educational system can provide us with new ideas, so it can illuminate our own system by enabling us to view it from a fresh perspective. For me, a particularly telling moment came when a French parent asked me to describe the American version of the *maternelle*.

After a pause, I was obliged to reply that, except for the Head Start program for low-income families, in the U.S. there's no state-supported education till age five. If families want to send their children to pre-school, I explained, they have to absorb the cost themselves.

This information clearly shocked my interlocutor. "But then only parents with money can afford the *maternelle*," she said.

I had, and have, no answer for that, but can only hope that, sometime soon, Americans will appreciate the importance of funding a similar system.

A landlord sings the blues



ONE DAY NOT so long ago, the woman who owns the property next to mine came roaring up the local-access road to my house.

I'd never known her to drive so recklessly before, so I wasn't surprised to see her in tears when she got out of the car.

"She and her boyfriend tore the place up, and left it filled with garbage," she said helplessly.

She was a nice-looking woman in a white summer dress — the sort you instinctively ask in out of the sun for a glass of iced tea — and she was talking about the tenant who'd just decamped on her in the middle of the night.

"When I rented it to her," she continued, "she told me she just wanted to get away from her husband, and the welfare people assured me she was living alone."

But of course that wasn't how it worked out. The minute the tenant was inside the door, so was her boyfriend — and now both of them were gone, leaving the premises a wreck.

"I'll never rent the house again," she vowed. "I'll burn it to the ground first."

I knew exactly how she felt. I'd been a

landlord myself for nearly two years, and so I'd had plenty of time to learn the hard way that, in Oregon, with the full cooperation of the authorities, it's open season on landlords all year round.

Let me give you an example.

I once invited a tenant of mine who was behind on the rent to leave — and so displeased was he with the invitation that he threatened to kick my teeth in and destroy my house. Naturally, I called 911, only to be blandly informed by the officer who turned up two or three hours later that what I had on my hands was a *landlord-tenant dispute* — that is, a matter outside police jurisdiction, to be resolved in the civil courts.

"Threatening to beat me up and wreck my house is a civil matter?" I asked him incredulously.

"That's right," he replied, smiling as blandly as ever.

"Can I defend myself before he hits me?"

He thought that over for a moment.

"Well, it depends."

"On what?"

"On what you think his state of mind is."

"You say if he threatens to hit me, it's a landlord-tenant dispute. What I'm trying to find out is, if I hit him back and put him in the hospital, is it still a landlord-tenant dispute?"

The officer fidgeted, but didn't reply, so I tried again.

"It just seems to me that, if I have to go to civil court to stop him from hitting me, then *he* should have to go to civil court if he's unhappy about me hitting him."

"That *seems* fair," the officer allowed, without, however, committing himself.

In any case, the tenant didn't get hit, and neither did I, and the cop ended up doing nothing, because the eviction never came to court. (If it had, and I'd won, I'd have had to pay \$25 so the cop would be covered with insurance while he was seeing to it that the eviction order was carried out. It seems they don't consider it a civil matter when there's a chance of a *cop's* getting hit.) My tenant proved to be considerate enough to leave without forcing me to haul him before a judge, and he was also considerate enough in departing to clean out the house. He took with him everything, including a sofa bed, an air-

I once invited a tenant of mine who was behind on the rent to leave — and so displeased was he with the invitation that he threatened to destroy my house. The police call this a landlord-tenant dispute

conditioner, a chair, a water-bed frame, a roll-top desk, and a coffee table. The only trouble with this evidence of his thoughtfulness was that all these articles belonged to me.

So I called 911 again and, three hours later, a different deputy arrived to inform me that what we had here appeared to be — surprise, surprise — another landlord-tenant dispute.

Theft a civil matter?

I know it sounds crazy, but, you see, when my tenant moved out, he took his lock with him and left the front door wide open, so that, if challenged, he could simply reply that anything missing must have been taken after his departure.

Fortunately, in this particular instance, I was able to produce witnesses who'd seen him making off with my belongings. The deputy therefore went looking for him and eventually recovered my property — though I found it a nice ironic touch that, while he was hunting for my tenant out in the fresh air, my tenant was cooling his heels in the county jail, having been arrested in the interval for shoplifting. I was much taken aback, all the same, to hear there was nothing to prevent the district attorney from continuing to treat the case as a landlord-tenant dispute.

Suppose the merchant who'd had my tenant arrested for shoplifting had been told it was a "merchant-customer dispute." Under that rubric, the thief

would simply have had to return the stolen merchandise, and there'd have been no penalty. They're much tougher on shoplifters, though, than on light-fingered tenants. Where goods are stolen from a store, the merchant gets them back, and the thief goes to jail. Where goods are stolen from a landlord, the landlord gets them back — if he's lucky — and the thief walks.

Another problem with treating misdemeanors and felonies committed by tenants as civil matters is that, though a judge can order a tenant-thief to make repayment, there's not much he can do to punish nonpayment if the tenant — as is so often the case with people on welfare — is out of work and has no wages that can be garnisheed. True, the judge can always put the tenant in jail for civil contempt — but how likely is he to do that while the criminal-justice system is turning muggers and rapists loose for want of cells in which to lock them up?

Not too long ago, a novice lawyer I know handled his first landlord-tenant dispute — an eviction for non-payment

of rent — at an initial cost to the landlord of about \$500.

The tenant in question was represented by a legal-aid attorney, so the proceedings cost him nothing.

Now, under state law, rent must be ten days late before a landlord can serve a tenant with a 72-hour eviction notice.

On the 14th day after the rent is due — or the 15th or 16th, if the 14th falls on a weekend — the landlord, supposing the tenant has ignored the eviction notice, pays a fee and files for a hearing that will usually be set within a week, or on roughly the 23rd day after the rent is due.

At this point, the tenant pays a \$10 fee, and is given up to 15 days to find a lawyer, which makes it possible for him to drag the eviction on for 38 days.

As I said, my lawyer friend had never handled an eviction before and, though he went by the book, he made one mistake. It seems that, at the last minute, the legal-aid attorney filed a cross-complaint against the landlord, and my lawyer friend failed to reply to it in time, and thus lost the case. The result was that his client had to go through the whole eviction process again, so that getting his non-paying tenant out ended up costing him \$1,000 in legal fees, plus two and a half months in lost rent and a couple of hundred dollars in court costs.

When I talked to the head of the county legal-aid office about this situation, her opinion was that it was perfectly equitable. And yet legal-aid attorneys collect their government paychecks, not from deadbeat tenants on welfare, who seldom pay taxes, but from respectable taxpayers, including landlords.

Legal-aid attorneys like to say they have one job — to provide the disadvantaged with the best possible defense. But, if that's really the case, they should be representing landlords, too.



YOU SAY IT'S tough for you to work up much sympathy for private landlords who rent to people on welfare?

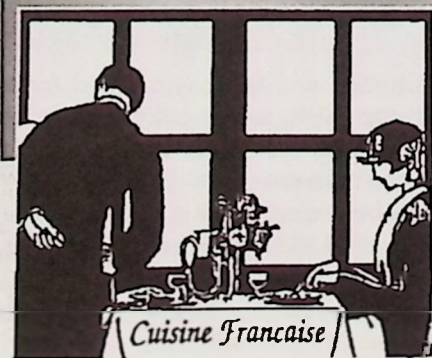
Well, consider the alternative — that is, the government as landlord. As the whole world knows,

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the worst housing in the United States is public housing. In Los Angeles, New York, Chicago, and Boston, public housing is notorious for breeding drugs, gangs, and crime, not to mention speculation and other misuses of tax dollars.

If we want to keep the government out of the housing business, and to prevent the ghettoization of welfare tenants to which public housing invariably leads, the best course is to protect our inventory of private low-cost rentals. And to achieve that end, there are a number of things we can do:

- Give landlords the same legal protection other homeowners enjoy against theft and physical intimidation.

- Make tenants liable under the criminal law for the destruction or theft of rental property.

- Make welfare checks subject to garnishment.

- Make welfare rental allowances payable to the landlord, not the tenant.

The biggest potential for abuse exists in cases where tenants who are the subjects of eviction proceedings fight back by claiming they're withholding the rent because of some defect in the rental property.

The fact is, tenants are the biggest cause of defects in any house, and judges who find for tenants in such cases and thus in effect reward them with free rent are providing all tenants with a blueprint for defrauding landlords.



THE WORST problem of this type I've encountered in my brief career as a landlord involved a tenant who had no fewer than 13 people living with him in a two-

bedroom house.

Not surprisingly under the circumstances, the toilet was always backing up, so the tenant decided this was grounds for withholding the rent money and diverting it to the purchase of a state-of-the-art VCR. True, he claimed the only people living in the house besides him were his wife, his son, his mother-in-law, and his sister-in-law. But his sister-in-law's fiance stayed with her every weekend, his mother lived in a small trailer parked

just outside and spent every waking hour in the house in front of the TV, and another sister-in-law and her three children "visited" five days a week. He also had a cousin who stayed at the house whenever he happened to be in the neighborhood, which by a strange coincidence turned out to be just about every day.

All these "guests" naturally overstressed and damaged the septic system, but there was no way I could recover for the damages — not even though this extended family had an income among its numerous members of several thousand dollars a month in public funds.

In my work as a journalist, I once interviewed a drug dealer who operated strictly out of rented quarters, and who told me he'd never rent a house to anybody in Oregon.

"Renting a house is a bargain in this state," he explained. "For \$300 a month, you can do \$10,000 in damage."

If only I'd had the benefit of his wisdom before I became a landlord! Oh, well, nobody ever said it'd be easy. If it was, would there be any drug dealers?

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In the woods, the song may The melody

BY GORDON GREGORY

For the federal agencies in charge of the region's forests, life hasn't been easy since public opinion — and, more importantly, the courts — turned against their traditional practices. Here a veteran observer of the conflict in the woods reports on two recent developments that highlight the dilemmas faced by the BLM and the Forest Service.

I: 'It's like getting the finger'

CLEAR-CUTS — THOSE UNSIGHTLY FIELDS OF stumps that have stirred public anger and caused federal forest managers so much grief — may be outmoded, but they're still not illegal.

Take the U.S. Bureau of Land Management's Daisy Grave timber sale in Sunny Valley, in Josephine County. Under way for months now, the sale includes almost 100 acres of clear-cuts in four units. About nine million board feet of timber was sold to Medford Corp. for what's now the bargain-basement price of under \$300 per 1,000 board feet. (Recent timber sales have sold for three times that amount.)

The logging methods being used on the Daisy Grave sale are straight out of the discredited past — namely, land-yrading to government-built roads that criss-cross the steep hillside like wrin-

'I thought we were in the '90s, but here we have, once again, that same short-term thinking — the take-the-money-and-run philosophy'

kles on a weathered face.

Also in keeping with tradition, the neighbors are very unhappy about the scars being left on what was once a tree-covered mountain.

"It's shameful," says Sunny Valley resident Earl Clothier, who has a plain view of one of the

diamond-shaped clear-cuts from his front door. "You can almost see the cut from the Interstate. It's tearing up a lot of people out here."

What Clothier and other residents along Placer Road want to know is why this is going on when they've heard so much about new forestry techniques and the death of the clear-cut.

Well, the answer is that Daisy Grave was designed in the late 1980s and sold before the BLM and the Forest Service were forced to change their habits. Moreover, Daisy Grave — along with the Bare Nelson timber sale in the Illinois Valley and the Slate Knight timber sale off Highway 199 near Hayes Hill, outside Grants Pass — was, thanks to Sen. Mark Hatfield (R-Ore.), among hundreds of sales that were exempted by Congress in 1990 from environmental regulations that would have limited their damage.

Medco, which was given three years to harvest Daisy Grave, is now nearing its deadline. The same is true for the Rough and Ready Lumber Co. of Cave Junction, which is handling the Bare Nelson and Slate Knight sales.

The latter two sales, totaling almost 15 million board feet, were sold for about \$4 million — a fraction of what they'd bring in to the government if they were sold today.

On the other hand, these three sales probably couldn't happen today, because, according to Doug Henry, forest-management officer for the BLM's Grants Pass Resource Area, the agency no longer designs such sales.

"They'd be very different," Henry says. "We don't do the clear-cuts anymore — not that size. And some of the stream buffers would be different, and the number of reserve trees, too. Quite a lot has changed."

He notes that some of the logging units would probably be cut in half just to increase stream protection, and that planners of current timber sales aren't as concerned as in the past about wiping out non-commercial tree species to promote the growth of Douglas fir.

be over, but . . . lingers on

All of which is cold comfort to Sunny Valley residents.

"I thought we were in the '90s," says Ed Brett, "but here we have, once again, that same short-term thinking — the take-the-money-and-run" philosophy.

Brett, who's lived in Sunny Valley for 52 years, has seen past clear-cuts fail to heal over the decades.

"We just can't believe this is still happening," he says. "It's like getting the finger. This timber sale is going to be ugly for a very long time."

II: 'That's a timber sale'

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, THE PLAN, FOR A SITE three miles west of the Kalmiopsis Wilderness, called for just another clear-cut timber sale. Then a federal court enjoined the U.S. Forest Service from continuing to log in spotted-owl habitat, and now the project, designed by the Siskiyou National Forest, is being called a "meadow restoration."

The Oregon Natural Resources Council, for one, isn't buying it, and has appealed the Siskiyou's decision to log the area, most of which is proposed as an old-growth reserve in President Clinton's pending forest plan.

"They're going to clear-cut 75 acres of forest, and get two million board feet," says ONRC staff attorney Mark Hubbard. "That's a timber sale."

Joe Niesen, assistant timber manager for the Chetco Ranger District, dismisses the ONRC's criticism. He insists the sole reason for the Upper Chetco Meadow Restoration Project is to rejuvenate a meadow that's become overgrown with trees, and he produces as evidence a photograph taken in the early 1940s that shows a substantial meadow in the area.

According to Niesen, much of the original habitat has been lost to conifers because of fire-suppression efforts and, possibly, the demise of local elk herds that may once have eaten saplings and helped keep

the meadow free of trees. Less than 1% of the Siskiyou has such dry meadows, and the Forest Service wants to restore their pre-1940s boundaries.

"That's what this sale is about," Niesen says.

When the project was originally designed, it was considered a timber sale that just happened to include some meadow restoration. But,

though Niesen says some of the logging units away from the meadow have been dropped in the new plan, the redesign hasn't eliminated very much of the timber harvest.

The plan originally called for 2.2 million board feet to be logged, and the updated version slates 1.8 million for the ax.

(A board foot is equivalent to a one-inch-thick board one foot square. Under Clinton's forest plan, the Siskiyou is expected to produce roughly 27 million board feet.)

According to Niesen, the current policy of the Forest Service is not to auction any new sales till the Clinton plan is in place, when it's expected that any sales located in the proposed old-growth reserves would have to be reviewed by an interagency team. Niesen acknowledges that the meadow-restoration project is easily misunderstood, but he insists it's not a timber sale.

"While we're going to sell some timber from it, that's not its purpose," he says.

Hubbard, however, noting that the site is in an inventoried roadless area and a proposed old-growth forest reserve, counters that, by whatever name it's called, the project will be found to violate the Clinton plan.

"They're calling a clear-cut meadow restoration," he says. "It just doesn't fly."

Since the courts enjoined logging in spotted-owl habitat, what was originally planned as a clear-cut is now called 'meadow restoration'

JAMALA FOCUSED BEYOND her fear and pain on the sound of her son's crying from his cradle in the corner of the room. She tried to remember if he was covered with enough blankets to keep him warm. She had struggled even after the fear of death outweighed all other fears, until her son had begun to cry, and now she lay motionless, staring at the circular shadow on the ceiling, praying silently for her baby's safety. One of the four soldiers laughed from somewhere beyond her sight. Jamala's attention shifted to the shadow's edge. The dark center was surrounded by a shimmering pattern of light. One of the soldiers struck her face, again. Jamala felt suddenly colder before she passed out, her eyes closing slowly, her fading vision transforming the shadow's outer edges to the shimmer of starlight, and her last thought was of outer circles holding hope, holding promise beyond their inner darkness.

When she regained consciousness, the soldiers were gone. She struggled to her feet, bracing herself against the broken chair at her side. Her head ached from the soldiers' blows. The furniture in her apartment was shattered. Even the mattress had been slashed open. Small cream-colored piles of stuffing lay around the room like dirty snow. Nothing in the circle of the lantern's light, nothing below the lantern cap's round shadow with its star-burst outer pattern remained unbroken, except the lantern itself. Jamala wondered if the soldiers had purposely left the lantern lit so she could see the damage in her apartment, in her life. She walked with difficulty to the cradle beside her bed and looked down at her son. The baby's crying had stopped.

She picked up one of her son's blankets and spread it out across her bed, then lifted the baby gently from his cradle and placed him in the center, folding the soft wool around him, wrapping him tightly. She leaned over to pick the ugly stuffing bits off the blanket. Black and gold speckles in a swirling pattern distorted the edges of her sight, threatening to close off her vision. She bowed her head, leaning against the bed and taking slow, deep

breaths to stop the darkening vertigo which threatened to overwhelm her.

When her faintness passed, Jamala walked to the closet. She pushed the broken nightstand aside with her foot and opened the door, then stepped into her winter boots. She stopped again, leaning against the door frame, breathing deeply as another wave of dizziness swept over her. Her head throbbed. She lifted her heavy coat from its hanger and carried it to the bed, laying it aside as she picked up her son and cradled him in her right arm. She draped the coat over her shoulders, then ran her free arm into the sleeve, buttoned all but the top button, and pulled her scarf from the pocket. She gave no thought to her actions, concentrating instead on the broken plastic rattle which lay on the floor. Its pale-blue fragments spread out in a small arc, with nothing to fill the vacancy left at its center. Jamala wrapped the scarf around her head, throwing one end across her shoulder so the scarf covered her mouth and nose to protect her from the cold night air. Her son was heavy and still, resting in the cradling curve of her arm.

As she opened the door, the rush of night air made her turn away for a moment. Even with the scarf across her face, her nostrils felt pinched by the cold. She didn't bother to close the door, gave it no thought. It didn't occur to her to extinguish the lantern, or that she should leave a note for her husband to find when he returned from work. After she walked down the porch stairs to the street, she stopped and pulled her free arm back through the sleeve of her coat, then shifted her son's weight to both arms. The moon was almost full. Jamala looked up into the sky before beginning her walk. Dark blue-violet clouds streaked across the moon's face, but she didn't see the beauty of its pale roundness, only its cold light and a featureless sky with high clouds blocking the view of stars.

Jamala no longer felt the aching pain in her head. The cold wind blew against her skirt, chilling and numbing her bare legs as she began her walk. She paid no attention to the distant flash

Bitter

A story by

and rumble of mortar fire. If anyone passed her on the street, she was unaware of it. Only once during the two-mile walk to her brother's home did she stop. Only once after starting did she look up from her path in the snow, and then she saw four dogs halfway across the street, scavenging through rubbish. They didn't bark as she stood in the moonlight, didn't notice her presence. She stared at them for several moments as she stood, feeling empty, invisible, but no thought crossed her mind. She turned back to her path in the snow, and for the rest of the walk she noticed nothing of her surroundings, concentrating only on controlling the tense shaking of her arms. The sound of her footfalls became one with her heartbeat.

Jamala was unaware of the passage of time or distance. One moment she was walking, numb and unaware of her surroundings, the next she recognized the back door of her brother Hakim's home, saw the glow of a lantern through a gap in the heavy curtain, and smelled the scent of green and rotten wood smoldering in the stoves and fireplaces of the houses surrounding her. She tried to call out, but no sound escaped with her vaporized breath. So she stepped close and kicked at the door, unable to knock with her arms pulled into her coat, unable to unclench her hands from around the blanket-wrapped bundle of her son.

HAKIM STARTED at the strange, low thumping, wondering who would be out so late. His sleep had been troubled by an anxiety he couldn't place, and he'd been sitting at the dining-room table for more than an

almonds

April King

hour with a blanket wrapped around his shoulders. His right leg, twisted from lack of medical attention after he was wounded by cross fire while visiting a cousin on the outskirts of Sarajevo, pained him severely some nights, and he often sat up, cold and anxious, his leg aching and his energy unused, now that the classes he taught at the university had been canceled. On this night, he had not wanted to waste firewood, so he sat shivering in the cold at first, but finally relaxed somewhat, feeling almost comfortable with his leg propped on a chair, almost able to ignore the distant rumble of fighting as he drank lukewarm tea and read poetry by the lantern's light. He enjoyed the glow of kerosene, was secretly pleased now that the electricity was out in most of the city, and he tended to overuse the lantern. The subtle play of light and shadows reminded him of his grandparents' farm in the country, where he had met his wife when they were still children and their parents had taken time to visit family, away from the city, in the crisp harvest air.

Hakim felt no fear as he rose to answer the strange knock, sure, without giving thought to his sureness, that a fearful situation would not be preceded by knocking. As he opened the door, Jamala stood for a moment, her swollen eyes blinking, adjusting to the light. A bloody lock of her hair was frozen, standing out stiffly, forming a harsh curve across her upper cheek.

"There are no trees here now. Have you even burned the beautiful bitter-almond tree?"

She spoke the words as if she had walked all this way in the freezing night air to ask this one question, then she took two steps into the house, and her knees collapsed under her weight.

Hakim caught her as she fell, straining to keep his balance as their combined weight shifted to his

damaged leg, calling out to Amina, his wife.

Jamala was unconscious when Amina got to her husband's side. She helped him carry his sister to the bedroom, supporting the baby still clutched in Jamala's arms. They laid Jamala down on their sleep-warmed bed, and Amina

began to unbutton Jamala's coat, but she stopped when she saw the torn dress and undergarments, when she saw the scraped and bruised flesh of her sister-in-law's exposed breasts. Amina pulled the coat closed, covering Jamala, and whispered: "Please, heat some water."

Hakim didn't move from where he stood. Amina looked up, then turned to follow her husband's gaze. He was staring at his sister's skirt showing through the gap at the hem of her coat. The bloodstains were dark against the soft pastel colors of the fabric's print, standing out harshly where the yellow stream of light cut through the darkened room and lit a sharp triangle on the bed. Amina looked back at her husband.

"Please. Water," she whispered.

Hakim turned and left the room; the curtains fell back together. In the near darkness, Amina listened as Hakim poured water into a kettle. She uncovered Jamala to the sound of snapping kindling, the thump of added wood, and finally the sizzle and sputter of the green bark and sap as the fire grew in the stove.

Jamala's breathing was regular, a thin haze of warm vapor barely visible in the pale light which filtered into the room's cold air from beyond the curtain's edge. Amina leaned close and felt the pulse at Jamala's throat; it was steady and strong. She gently pried her sister-in-law's arms away from the baby and lifted him into her own. A thin wail choked in her throat as the blanket fell away and she saw the dark pattern of her nephew's face. She pressed his small body close to her, feeling the throbbing beat of her heart beneath his still weight.

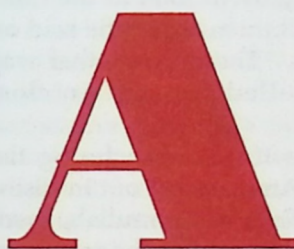
The curtain parted; the room seemed unbearably bright even with Hakim blocking the light. Amina leaned forward, holding her nephew in one

arm as she covered Jamala with blankets. Then she carried the baby toward the kitchen, turning away from her husband as she pulled the bedroom curtain closed.

"Get the mullah and his wife," Amina said.

Hakim stood, unmoving, beyond the doorway; he tried to look over Amina's shoulder at their nephew.

"Please," she added, "we need them now," and pushed past her husband to the dining-room table. She wanted the wisdom of the mullah's words in her home, and she knew Hakim would need the influence of the pleas for restraint which the mullah's wife had often voiced.



AMINA HELD THE baby, keeping herself turned away until she was sure Hakim was gone, until she heard the door open

and then close, until she heard Hakim's uneven footsteps, first the creak of his weight bearing down on his left foot, then the soft drag of his right in the brittle snow. Only then did she lay their nephew on the table. She unwrapped him, dipped a bowl of water from the warming kettle, and moistened a soft rag. The lantern light flickered as she washed her nephew. Amina bit hard at her lip to offset the sharp ache in her throat.

She finished wrapping the baby in his shroud, which she had carefully torn from her best linens, as Hakim returned with the mullah and his wife. The mullah's wife walked to the table. Her back was straight and stiff as she looked down at the baby's wrapped form on the varnished boards. Hakim thought he heard her say: "They want to kill us all," but he wasn't sure of the words, wasn't sure of what he was seeing or hearing until he noticed the bloodstains on the front of his wife's robe when she turned to face him, until he saw the tears running down both women's cheeks as he approached the table.

"She would feel she had to tell me everything. Please, it would be better if she wakes to see someone less close to her than me. It would be easier for her

that way." Amina stared across the room as she spoke to the mullah's wife, her voice straining with the effort. She expected the mullah's wife to answer, to offer comfort and caution, but her only response was a nod.

The surface of the warm water in the small pail which Amina offered trembled between the two women, shattering their reflections into an unrecognizable swirl. Amina released her hold on the pail, and the mullah's wife began to walk toward the bedroom, but stopped after her first few steps. She stood for a moment, gazing into the water before walking silently to the bedroom doorway and pushing the curtain aside. She paused again, turning her head slightly to look at the others. "We must kill them first," she said over her shoulder. "There is no other way." Then she pulled the curtain closed behind her.

The words lingered, echoing their meaning as Amina cried out in dismay. She looked first to the mullah, then to Hakim for support, but the men's faces were turned from her. "Is there no . . . ?" Amina's question remained unfinished as her eyes searched the room for support and comfort and she noticed how ragged the edges of her elegant brocade curtains had become. She had been sure, until this moment, that everything would settle down, become normal and sane again, but now she felt a deep resignation, an awareness of the dust which had been sifting constantly into her once spotless home from the shelling of the city, onto the furniture and carpets, covering everything, settling into every crevice, becoming a part of her life. She felt trapped within the circle of the encroaching battle, within the gritty dust.

Hakim stepped closer to the table and looked down at his nephew. Amina watched as her husband's fists clenched and remained tight at his sides. She had washed the blood from the baby, but their nephew's face, which had three days before smiled and cooed at them, was now shattered. His cheek and forehead were distorted; his eye socket caved in beneath what had been the lovely curve of his brow ridge. Amina hoped her husband knew, as she knew, that the lack of swelling implied a suddenness of death. She took comfort

in the thought, but it was slight, like the comfort of cutting down the bitter-almond tree for firewood the week before. Hakim had tried to console her about the tree, saying it was only wood. We grew it, now it's ours to harvest, he had said. But she had touched her fingertips to his lips, unable to bear more words, unwilling to be reminded of the truth of what was happening.

The mullah's chanting was as soft and warm as the lantern's light glowing against the dining-room walls. The invocation *Bismi'llahi'r-Rahmani-Rahim* sounded gentle, loving, and the three people standing near the table, hiding the baby's shrouded form, appeared to be praying for peace. But only Amina's prayer was for concord. The men's thoughts as the prayer began — *When the Event Inevitable cometh to pass* — even the mullah's who had until now pleaded for reason, were far from peace. The sounds beyond the bedroom curtain mingled with the prayer: whispered comforting words, the splash and trickle of a soft cloth wrung out in warm water as the mullah's wife washed dried blood from Jamala's skin, and finally Jamala's anguished scream as her consciousness returned.

"This isn't war! This is . . ." Hakim's sudden outburst was a choked sob in the midst of the mullah's chanting. He covered his face with his hands, unable to find words for his feelings, as the mullah's voice rose and fell: *The companions of the Right Hand . . . In Gardens of Bliss . . . Images of Jamala as a child, then as a young woman at her wedding, appeared behind Hakim's closed lids. Clear flowing fountains . . . Like unto Pearls well guarded . . .* And finally he visualized his sister, a new mother of the baby who now lay dead on the table. *In shade long extended, by water flowing constantly, and fruit in abundance, whose season is not limited . . .* The feelings provoked by the melodic, disconnected words of the sura, which refused to form themselves into thoughts, threatened to overwhelm Hakim. His muscles felt far from his bones, as if a stiff, oversized garment had been wrapped around him. The void of his inner tensions was like the air of a sealed room, stale and lifeless. Fragments of the mullah's chanting swirled in the emptiness: *The Left Hand . . . of Fire . . . Boiling Water . . . and be-*

come dust . . .

Hakim's reason withdrew; his awareness of self felt small, desperate, but still the mullah's voice reached across the room: *Ye will taste of the tree of bitterness . . .* Hakim searched for meaning but found nothing. A loud knocking at the door pulled at him, but he did not turn until the night's cold air swept into the room and he heard his brother-in-law's name pronounced by the two men struggling with their burden. Deep in the most lifeless, still corner of Hakim's inner emptiness, a thought ignited. *Revenge*: the word remained unformed in his thoughts, but the flame of its power burned deeply, filling him with its power. The mullah continued, his voice lowered now: *See ye the fire which ye kindle? . . . grew the tree . . .*

As Hakim heard Amina's cry of: "Not this!" repeated over and over, saw her beating her fist against her chest, he was sure of his choice, holding to the last fragmented words, rather than the meaning of the sura, as proof of his decision.

MONTHS later, Jamala's physical wounds had healed to pale scars, invisible beneath the soft sweep of dark hair across her brow, hidden from the world under her clothing. Her grief over the loss of her son and her husband's death the same night from mortar fire as he worked on the far side of the city had eased to a constant ache, like that of a pair of new shoes which refuse to stretch but which no longer cause a stabbing pain. On an overcast day in mid-autumn, Hakim invited his sister to sit with him at the table they now shared. His attitude was formal as he served her a glass of weak tea, apologizing for the lack of sugar. Jamala asked her brother what was wrong, why he was treating her like a guest, but he waved her words aside with a motion of his hand, then asked her, without explanation, to show restraint when she spoke with other women. She was becoming an embarrassment to the family, he told

her, to the community. He reached out and touched her hand as he spoke, trying to soften the impact of his words.

She had spoken openly of the attack she'd suffered during the winter, sparing few details, even suggesting that God had saved her life so she could let people know, let the world know as she had said, what was happening in the name of revenge for the sins of her forefathers earlier in the century. She had become convinced that, if she could not escape her constant pain of grief, she must expose the horror and beg people to defend themselves with restraint.

I often feel I am forced to wear terrible new shoes which I cannot remove, she would tell the women, but then I am reminded of the story about the man who went to the mosque to pray for shoes because he had none, only to see a man with no feet. The circle of women would look toward her, attentive but uncomfortable. *I've lost everything, she would tell them, my husband, baby, even my honor.* She would blush when she spoke the last words, but still she would go on, calling for control, telling them it could be worse, telling them revenge would go on forever, in a never-ending circle of retribution taken to extremes. She quoted from the Koran and Hadith, from poetry written in response to war and sacrifice. She spoke with a force, a conviction, which demanded attention, but always when she quoted the Arabic poem of Adonis — *When I saw the night in his burning eyelids, there was no tree in his face, or stars* — she would break down into silent tears at the vivid memory of her son's broken features and her husband's ravaged face in death. When she regained her composure, she would ask the women to help her expose the truth, to help her call out to the rest of the world for help.

That was how she had begun, selflessly, striving for justice. But, as time went on, she began to suggest submission, focusing on the literal meaning of the word Islam. Her quoting grew more and more specific and out of context. Her grief turned on her in self-blame. She became convinced that, if she had not struggled, her son would be alive, that her husband's work had been, somehow, a trespass, a transgression which had brought about his death rather than the simple fact of

his workplace having been hit by a stray mortar shell. She also became sure that the soldiers' brutal rape would have been less terrible if — always if — she had simply submitted. And, by extension of her words, she began to blame her own people for the war. Some of the women she spoke to still listened, and later begged the men of their families to work toward peace at any cost; others, many others, angered by her self-blame, her apparent ignorance of the hunger, torture, and continuing genocide in spite of peace efforts, turned away and called out for revenge.

"Private matters should remain private." Hakim's voice became mild and familiar as he spoke to his sister. His hand remained on hers, but he could feel her tension, her longing to pull her hand free.

EARLIER IN THE DAY, Amina had asked him to speak with his sister and urged delicacy, discretion. Amina had been with Jamala each time she had spoken in public and had seen the change come over her sister-in-law, just as she had watched Hakim's quest for revenge intensify. He had begun to leave his wife and sister alone, returning days, sometimes weeks later with thinly veiled stories of his efforts to avenge his family's losses. Amina had been unable to help either of them, unable to reach out and break through the pain which drove them both to extremes; she felt alone, helplessly caught at the center. She reminded Hakim that grief is a terrible thing sometimes, especially when it is driven by such love and passion, and she hoped, silently, that he understood her words were meant for him as well, hoped that somehow these two people she loved could, through their differences, see the reality of one another's pain and temper the degree of its intensity.

But Hakim had not understood his wife's meaning, and now he added, watching his sister as she stared blankly at his hand on hers: "Let me take care of things." He placed an envenomed emphasis on the words *take care*, and

Jamala did not miss his implication.

"Revenge is not the solution." She looked intently at Hakim's face when she spoke the words. Her mouth was set in firm resolve, but she pulled her hand away and clenched her arms around herself, rocking her upper body as she sat, trying to ease the memory of the winter night. Hakim looked away, past his sister, as if she were not sitting across the table from him, as if he had never spoken to her, caught up in his own grief-induced plans. Jamala remembered, for the first time, the scavenging dogs she had seen on the street, the feeling of invisibility they had left with her, and she felt a wordless terror that she mattered so little that even hungry dogs had taken no note of her passing and now her own brother ignored her pleas. She tensed as her brother's chair scraped across the floor. He began to walk around her, toward the door.

"Listen! Submission is the only way. There is no end to revenge! They kill us in revenge, and we turn on them with our own. It will never end." Her tone intensified as the memory of the dogs merged with her brother's words. Hakim stopped, looking down at his sister's upturned face. "Hakim, don't do this again. You're becoming an animal!"

"An animal?" Hakim's eyes narrowed as he spoke; his face contorted with the strain of controlling his rage. "You, who would have us roll over and expose our bellies like dogs, call me an animal?"

Jamala lunged at her brother, knocking her chair aside as she rose, striking out at his face with her clenched fists. Hot tea from her upset glass splashed across her legs. Hakim stepped back, catching Jamala's arms as her left hand struck his cheek.

"This is what your precious submission comes to," he shouted at her: "turning on your own people." He pushed her away and limped heavily toward the door.

"Stop! Both of you!" Amina stood, gaunt and trembling with the frayed edge of the bedroom curtain clasped tightly in one hand as if for support. "You're both wrong. Your grief is so deep you will never find its end." Her voice trailed off as Hakim opened the door; she straightened her posture and

put her free hand on her belly. "I do not want this baby to . . ."

"What?" Hakim turned back to look at his wife, startled by the news of her pregnancy. She had been spending hours in bed during the last few weeks, complaining of nausea, but he assumed it was caused by their lack of food, or the scarce, unclean water they were now forced to cook with and bathe in.

Jamala began to walk toward her sister-in-law, but Amina lifted her hand from her stomach, motioning for Jamala to stop.

"I do not want this baby to grow up in a world where people are afraid even to defend themselves, a world where our faith and heritage are held against us." She looked at Jamala as she spoke, then turned to her husband. "And I do not want this baby's father to be a vengeful murderer." She took a deep breath and then added: "You're both like the mullah's wife when she came here last winter. She was right. They do want to kill us all, but killing them first can't be the answer. You're right and you're wrong, but which is the dearer price to pay for our lives?" Her last words were joined with the sound of the curtain tearing. Amina looked down at the piece of fabric with its ragged threads hanging limply between her clenched fingers. She shut her eyes, trying to stop her tears. Exhausted by the effort of speaking, her lack of food, and her body's effort to nourish the child growing within her womb, she made no complaint as Hakim and Jamala helped her into bed, saying only: "Doesn't the world see? Is there no hope?"

LATER THAT EVENING after she had rested, they brought her lamb soup with bits of onion and barley as mortar fire rumbled in the distance. Her husband and sister-in-law sat on opposite sides of the bed. Hakim brushed the hair from Amina's forehead and watched attentively as she ate; Jamala patted Amina's arm rhythmically and stared into a shadow-darkened corner of the room, rocking herself slightly with each pat of her hand.

Amina knew the food and water used to make the soup had been gained at great expense, perhaps even stolen, but she didn't ask where either had come from, or if her husband and sister-in-law had eaten. When Amina finished the soup, Hakim and Jamala got up to leave the bedroom so she could rest again. Hakim began to pull the window curtain closed, but Amina asked him to leave it open so she could look out at the night. The sky had cleared, and the crescent of a moon had risen, a bright sliver at the edge of its dark globe, surrounded by the distant shimmer of stars. As Amina lay in bed and the nourishment spread through her body, she closed her eyes, focusing on the feeling of warmth the soup had given back to her fingers and toes. A lightness filled her; she imagined herself floating in warm, flowing water surrounded by the shade of leafing trees, then she opened her eyes again and looked out at the lights in the sky, becoming aware of how much she missed the bitter-almond tree which had stood outside her bedroom window, aware of the absence of its spring flowers which had drifted like butterflies in the breeze as they fell, of its summer shade like a forest glen in the midst of city streets, and of its bare limbs forming intricate patterns like fine silken carpets as winter approached.

But no one eats the fruit, she reminded herself, and she noticed how clear, almost painfully sharp, her view of the sky was through the opening in her dusty curtains now that the tree was gone. She promised herself, as her eyes closed again and her muscles relaxed into sleep, that she would ask the mullah why the price of living must be bitter, but she had forgotten the promise by early morning when she woke, sitting up with a start, to the shock of renewed shelling, closer this time than it had been in months, sending a shower of plaster down from the ceiling onto the bed.

A swirling haze of dust rose up like thick smoke from a fire into the harsh shaft of morning sunlight streaming into the room, and Amina realized that her husband was not beside her. When she called out to Jamala, no answer was returned. Amina's skin felt dry, burning from the dust which surrounded her, and she remembered the feeling of her mother's hand rubbing bitter-almond

oil on her chapped skin when she was a child. But no one eats bitter almonds, she thought again, and understood how slight the comfort of her thought was in the dusty, harsh light.

She lay back down among the gritty plaster bits and closed her eyes. The bright morning sunlight caused a shimmering circular pattern beneath her eyelids; she pulled the covers up, blocking the light, and focused on the hollow ache of renewed hunger in her stomach. In spite of the shelling, her exhaustion pushed her toward sleep. The sounds around her lost their edge, became rhythmic. She imagined Hakim and Jamala returning with food; she imagined her mother's hand stroking oil across her cheeks. She was a child again; her thoughts were images of care offered; she did not question the source or cost.

But, just as sleep muffled even the images of her thoughts, the long-forgotten memory of tasting the bitter almonds at her grandparents' home the autumn she had met Hakim came back to her. She remembered her mother telling her not to eat the almonds. Clearly and with the taste fresh in her mouth, she remembered spitting the bits of nut and bitter, milky saliva onto the dusty ground of her grandparents' front yard and the laughter of her vacationing parents, amused, relaxed in the slow ebb and flow of country life. The muscles of her legs jerked violently, and she was again fully awake, surrounded by the sounds and vibration of shelling and the memory of her mother's serious words after her laughter had quieted: *Some things are better left untried.*

"But which things?" Amina spoke aloud to the memory of her mother's voice.

As if in answer, she remembered her mother reciting lyrically from the Koran: *It is He Who has let free the two bodies of flowing water: one palpable and sweet, and the other salt and bitter; yet has He made a barrier between them, a partition that is forbidden to be passed.* Amina, sitting up now, staring out through her bedroom window at the billowing dust cloud rising up from the city streets as the shelling drew closer, whispered: "How can I know one from another?" as a mortar shell landed where the bitter-almond tree had grown. ☛

London letter

Hugh Harris

Things ain't what they used to be

I'M WRITING THIS letter on Nov. 13, not long after Guy Fawkes Night. As far as I know, most people are unaware of what Guy Fawkes Night is about — beyond knowing that Fawkes was a man who tried to blow up the houses of parliament, and was burnt for his efforts to relieve humanity of one of its less savory institutions. Nobody actually seems to know a great deal more than that — certainly I don't. But people like the idea of burning an effigy, and Guy Fawkes has his turn on Nov. 5.

Mrs. Thatcher has had her turn from time to time, too, but it doesn't seem to have caught on permanently. That is, there's no Thatcher Night yet — but of course there are two significant differences between Mrs. Thatcher and Guy Fawkes. One is that Mrs. Thatcher hasn't been burnt in a bonfire (which isn't Anglo-French for a "good fire," but Middle English for a "fire of bones"), and the other is that she didn't try to relieve us of the houses of parliament (even if she did seem to be trying to relieve us of every other institution). So perhaps she isn't enough of a hero.

There was a time when Guy Fawkes Night seemed to mean to people as much as New Year's Eve does nowadays.

When I was a kid, every house had its own bonfire in the garden and, in the town, there was a giant bonfire around which a great many young vandals would throw bangers at each other and generally set fire to things. (Indeed, I seem to remember being one of those vandals myself.) This practice has now largely disappeared, and what we have today is one public bonfire for every half million or so of population, plus a council-run fireworks display at a safe distance, and traffic jams throughout all major cities. Children, in the main, are no longer allowed to experience the joys of being taken to hospital after being burnt or having bangers blow up in



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their faces, and most homeowners have stopped feeling the need to block their letterboxes as a precaution against house fires.

Things aren't what they used to be.

NO SOONER HAD I resigned from my rock-and-roll band than they phoned me up to ask if I'd do a gig for them.

The reason for my resignation was that, though I'm a melody instrument, they found they couldn't keep time when I was playing a solo. Musicians will understand the significance of this if I add that, when I'm not playing a solo with this band, I'm mostly playing riffs — "rhythm sax." I was too exhausted from three and a half years of listening to them blame their inability to keep time on drummers, visiting players, and audiences to bother arguing with them anymore. I was also exhausted from three and a half years of playing too loud. So I resigned.

Still, I accepted the booking that was offered, because I need the money. And, when I got there, I discovered they'd changed drummers — and also changed themselves in some way. They were more relaxed, and seemed less like a bunch of schoolboys. What is this? I thought. I might actually be able to discuss things on a sensible level with people like this.

The rhythm was immaculate in all but about five out of some 60 numbers. But, in those five numbers, it was almost bad enough to bring the band to a stop. At the end of the gig, I stayed for a chat, and they raved on about how brilliant I was. Well, I said, all I can offer now is to be available by the week, because I'm actively looking for another band, and I'm also trying to put together my own band (a very difficult task if you want to mix new and old material). Therefore, if you want me for next weekend, you ought to tell me now, in case I get offered other work.

Well, they said, can we leave that till about Wednesday?

I get the impression not everybody is being entirely sincere.

IN MY ONE-MAN campaign to make lawyers into honest citizens, I've come up against a standard legal practice that's brought me to a

complete standstill, at least till I can think of another maneuver. It seems that what they do, if there's no answer that suits your case, is to lose your letter.

Some time ago, I passed on to the Lord Chancellor's department a document criticizing the fact that nobody is allowed to question a judge. This is a peculiarly pathetic state of affairs, and I was hoping they'd try to justify it. I also criticized the ludicrous implication that no judge in the last 800 years has accepted a bribe.

Of course, they have no answer for either of these criticisms, so they've lost my communication instead.

The Law Society probably invented this strategy, but it's now a fairly common practice, even among local councils and health authorities.

Unfortunately, somebody sent me an acknowledgment card, so I know they received my letter. The acknowledgment was just the usual thing, nothing special: "The Lord Chancellor thanks you for your letter of [fill in date by hand], which is receiving attention. Date [rubber stamp]."

That was about two months ago. Surely they must have got tired of giving it attention by now.

IN THE '60s, I worked part-time for two years at a small school in south London that had a caretaker living in a caravan in its garden.

One week, he was no longer there. And then, after a couple of weeks, he returned.

"Where have you been?" I asked him.

"I've been suffering from very close veins, and I've been in hospital having them seen to," he said.

I'm not always quick on the uptake, and found myself wondering how one's veins could become very close, and how one might get that situation changed. Indeed, I also found myself wondering why it might be necessary to do anything at all about it. After all, most bodies are reasonably well designed in their original form. If the veins are very close, that's how nature intended it to be.

Not long ago, recalling this conversation, I suddenly realized he had varicose veins but probably couldn't read, and so *very close* veins (as in "very close to the surface") would seem an entirely appropriate way of describing his condition.

This led me, by way of an experiment, to try devising a couple of wrong but appropriate interpretations of my own.

•How about *car-Biretta* for the device that facilitates the "firing" of a car's engine?

•Also, a *sine galvanometer* might be some sort of sign indicating where zinc plate should be applied, perhaps to keep the person driving the roller coaster from going in the wrong direction.

It actually took me a long time and a great deal of trouble to come up with these two examples, so I now believe it's very difficult to do this sort of thing. In fact, the school caretaker was probably rather cleverer than I.

Oh, well, to end on a positive note: the Thames Water Authority is suing me for two years' water rates and costs, when I'm only one year behind!

Theater

Alison Baker

The joys of reading aloud

VISITING YOUR relatives can get a little tedious, no matter how fond of you they are. You find yourself longing for your own refrigerator, and they secretly wish they could have the living room to themselves again, and even the brief days of winter begin to seem very long. You start to cast about a little desperately for entertainment possibilities.

So one Sunday afternoon during the holidays we all piled into the car and headed for my relatives' local public library to hear a middle-aged lady read the poetry of Emily Dickinson. It didn't exactly sound like my idea of a good time, but I'd already had enough Scrabble to last a year and my plane wasn't leaving till Wednesday.

What I feared didn't come to pass. The lady didn't dress in a lacy white nineteenth-century gown, and she didn't "interpret" the poems with dramatic eye-rollings or recite them in

the fake English accent that we too often imagine a poetess of another century using. A woman with a rather sardonic tone of voice, she simply read Emily Dickinson's poems aloud. As a result, undistracted by theatrics, I paid attention for the first time to the poems themselves — the images, the language, above all the meaning — and discovered that I liked them. The outing saved some part of a vacation I'd rued.

Listening to someone read aloud is one of the best of entertainments. I suppose my pleasure in it started during my infancy in the pre-television days, when listening to my parents read stories was as soothing as Xanax — a response, no doubt, to the comforting sound of familiar voices. But once I learned English, I became a regular at Mrs. Harvey's weekly story hour at the Carnegie Public Library. And on Saturday mornings I was in my seat when the sharp whistle of a train issued from our old brown radio, a voice called: "All aboooooard for Story Land!" and a young lady read aloud for the next half hour. In grade school, every teacher read to us for a good part of the day; even now, decades later, when I reread *A Wrinkle in Time*, I can still hear Mrs. Ross in certain words and phrases.

READING ALOUD is different from "storytelling." For one thing, a storyteller's tales are usually supposed to represent something other than mere stories; they're myths or fables, meant to help us understand cultural history. Like the fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm, this sort of story has always seemed grotesque and irrelevant to me; and the histrionics of too many storytellers, like the intrusive overacting of street-corner mimes, leave me cold.

Straight reading is a Sergeant Friday "just the facts, ma'am" sort of thing: no garish display, just a human voice reading printed words. While a good reader does read "with expression" (an appropriately shocked exclamation, an excited shout, a tearful apology), being read to works the same way as reading to yourself; it leaves the painting of mental pictures to the listener. The reader-aloud is a sort of vector for the text, carrying it from page to ear while leaving only the mildest imprint of

interpretation.

There's something snugly intimate about a single, unadorned human voice. When I lived alone on an island in Maine, the cold winter nights were often long, but on Wednesdays as I washed the supper dishes I listened to Dick Estelle, "The Radio Reader," on Maine Public Radio, and those evenings passed in the blink of an eye. He read mysteries, biographies, war stories — things I'd never pick up to read to myself; but on those dark nights I hung on every word, and the pang of disappointment I felt when he finally said: "Our time is up for tonight" was as painful as the one I always felt on those long-ago Saturday mornings at the sound of: "That's all for today, boys and girls."

OF COURSE, listening to a story read aloud works just as well with companions, as we see in *Gone With the Wind*, when Melanie reads aloud from *David Copperfield*. " 'Chapter One. Ah am born,' " she reads, and before our eyes the image on the big screen blurs to indicate the

passage of time. . . . The next thing the circle of tating ladies knows, chapters and hours have sped by, and Mr. Kennedy has come home drunk again!

Reading aloud at home is uncommon these days, I think, and downright rare in childless homes. But there seems to be a certain hunger for it: books on tape sell like hotcakes, especially to people who spend much of their lives alone in cars. In larger cities and in college communities, the poets and writers reading aloud from their own works at local bookstores are legion. Sure, it's a commercial ploy; publishers wouldn't ship their authors off on cross-country reading tours if it didn't sell books. And now and then you hit a dud: someone who stumbles over words, or reads something you love *absolutely wrong*. But even that works; it makes you go home again and reread the work yourself, to make it right again.

Hearing an author's words aloud, whether they're read by her or by a middle-aged lady a hundred years later, is a pure and essential pleasure. When someone reads to you, all you have to do is listen, and the world



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floods in. Undistorted by punctuation, typos, tiny print, or worries over whether an actor will remember his lines, the words are carried right from the page through your ears and into your brain — which is, of course, a direct conduit to the heart. It's a personal attention of the sort a grownup doesn't get every day.

Recordings

Colleen Pyke



Called to the keyboard

That's Right. The Benny Green Trio. Blue Note 84467.

I'M SURE Benny Green's parents never had to say to him: "Now, Benny, go practice the piano." In fact, my friend Elaine Fielder of Talent, who knows Green, says he kicked his sister off the piano bench at age six, and has been playing ever since.

Born in New York and raised in the Berkeley area, Green returned to New York at 18, and got launched as a musician when singer Betty Carter hired him shortly after he turned 20. He worked for Carter for four years, then spent two and a half years with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers.

Green is hot. I fell in love with him when I was looking through the record library one day and discovered *Greens*, on the Blue Note label, featuring Green

and the two regular members of his trio, drummer Carl Allen and bass player Christian McBride. I then found, also on Blue Note, the very upbeat and fun *Testifyin'*, and knew Green was a new favorite, right up there with Oscar Peterson and Gene Harris.

Green has some impressive admirers. Peterson chose him as his "protege" in Toronto in October 1992, and asked him to join him in a dual performance not long afterwards. Green also regularly sits in with the Ray Brown Trio, filling the seat formerly occupied by Harris. (Green appears on Brown's latest, *Bass Face*.)

Green's new release, *That's Right*, features both standards and original compositions dedicated to friends and mentors. As New York jazz critic Leonard Feather says in the liner notes, you'll find some great jazz here, including a fresh version of the 1927 classic "Ain't She Sweet."

Green dedicates "Wiggin" to pianist Gerald Wiggin and his wife, Lynn, and creates what he calls "a piece with an optimistic feeling and spirit that reflects their personalities."

JAZZ ENTHUSIASTS won't be disappointed with any track on *That's Right*, as Green and his trio have developed a unique style, and display truly incredible talent.

The title track shows the influence of Green's years with Blakey, while "Something I Dreamed Last Night," a 1939 tune by Sammy Fain, has benefited from Green's study both of its lyrics and its melody.

Also on the album is the boppish "Celia," a composition called "Hoagie Meat" by bassist McBride, and "Cup Cake," a recent Green composition that



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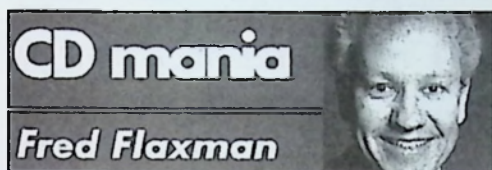
explores slower tempos.

Now 30 and a veteran of several world tours, Green says he's trying less to emulate other great trios and more to build an original sound for his own.

As Feather sees it, Green's trio is already "one of the most exciting and adventurous young groups of the 1990s," and I couldn't agree more.

That's Right is what I'd call music with a heart, and I heartily recommend it, along with two other Green releases, *In This Direction* and *Prelude*, both on the Criss Cross label.

Colleen Pyke hosts **Open Air** on JPR's Rhythm and News service.



Fantasies of a CD junkie

I'M A CD JUNKIE. I spend every free moment going through mail-order catalogues, and every extra dollar feeding my habit. But crazy though I am about CDs, I have some bones to pick with them — and some fantasies about how they could be improved. Indeed, in the most grandiose of these fantasies I come down from the mountain with the following ten commandments for CD manufacturers — and they actually listen to what I say.

•1. *Thou shalt not record more than one composer per disc.* For ease of retrieval, I like to file my CDs in alphabetical order by composer. So what am I supposed to do when companies lump two or more composers together on a single disc? Also, is there some occult reason why the Grieg piano concerto always has to be paired with the Schumann? Couldn't it be accompanied with other works by Grieg? And didn't hapless Pachelbel write anything else that could be coupled with his inevitable Canon?

•2. *Thou shalt charge for CDs by their length.* Large paintings usually cost more than small ones, and the same should be true of CDs of differing lengths. After all, if Pachelbel *didn't* write anything worth recording besides

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his canon, why not put the canon all by itself on a CD, and charge less for it? Logic tells me, too, that it's got to be cheaper to pay Joe Blow from Grants Pass to record a piano sonata than to pay Rubinstein or Horowitz. Not that Joe Blow might not do as good a job, but the savings — at least till Joe Blow makes his reputation — ought to be passed along to the customer.

•3. *Thou shalt charge less for analog rerecordings than for all-digital releases.* It's obviously pushing it to ask as much for a re-release of an old analog recording as for a brand-new digitally mastered CD. (In fairness, I should note that several manufacturers have in recent years created budget lines for their re-releases.)

•4. *Thou shalt clearly indicate and distinguish all-digital recordings from those mastered on analog equipment.* It's often impossible to tell in catalogues and ads which CDs have been digitally recorded and which haven't. And some unscrupulous labels don't even put this information on their CDs; or they hide it away inside the brochure. This makes life difficult for people like me who want to replace their analog LPs with digital CDs.

•5. *Thou shalt use side two of a CD to complete a work too long to fit on side one.* Surely, if we can send men to the moon, we can put, say, a long Mahler symphony on two sides of a CD. Two sides should hold up to two hours and 20 minutes of music. Anything longer than that obviously needs, not to be put into a clumsy two-CD box, but to have the boring parts edited out!

•6. *Thou shalt include a proper brochure in each CD box..* Every once in a while, a CD maker tries to get away with a

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single sheet in six-point type folded into a signature. Naughty, naughty! In addition to being impossible to read, such pseudo-brochures only accommodate a few paragraphs of information, because each paragraph is invariably repeated in French, German, Spanish, Italian, and what looks to me like Outer Mongolian. Besides, all manufacturers should realize that good program notes are one of the reasons why people buy CDs, instead of taping performances off the radio.

•7. *Thou shalt package each CD in a standard box.* In an effort to cut the high price of CDs, some manufacturers have begun experimenting with packaging them in cardboard wallets. Bad idea. I, for one, would gladly pay a bit more to have all my CDs in durable, easy-to-file plastic boxes.

•8. *Thou shalt adopt a consistent system for printing side-bands.* CD makers would do well to encourage people's collecting instincts by agreeing on uniform side-bands as well as plastic boxes. For classical recordings, I suggest that the composer's name be placed on the left, and followed by the name of the composition in English — e.g., *Fettuccini: Symphony No. 6* ("The Pasta Roll"). On recordings on which the performer is more important than the music, the performer's name could be substituted for the composer's. This system would make it easier for CDs to serve as their own catalogue cards.

•9. *Thou shalt seek maximum diversification of the CD catalogue.* What's the point of releasing the 124th recording of Berlioz's *Symphonie fantastique*? Why not issue a first CD of some other Berlioz work? Here again, I've noticed some progress in recent years, thanks largely to the Marco Polo label — the "Label of Discovery" — with its recordings by the Hong Kong Philharmonic (no kidding! The Orchestra of Outer Mongolia will be next!).

•10. *Thou shalt send a copy of every new CD to the author of these commandments.* This, of course, is a CD junkie's ultimate fantasy — only I know exactly how to make it come true. Tomorrow morning, I'm going to mail each CD maker a change-of-address card for the Library of Congress, and let them know its copyright office has moved to my house.

Books

Stephen Baily

One stinks, the other reeks

Cortes: The Great Adventurer and the Fate of Aztec Mexico, by Richard Lee Marks. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.; 347 pages; \$27.50.

TRUST ME — you wouldn't have wanted to invite a conquistador to dinner. Not that the conversation wouldn't have been stimulating, but, as Richard Lee Marks points out in this first-rate biography, unlike the Aztecs, who were fanatically clean, Cortes and his soldiers, though they went for weeks at a stretch without daring to take off their armor, washed even when they had the chance only in the most slapdash fashion, because — like most of their compatriots in the 16th century — they believed bathing weakened the body.

And who knows — maybe if Cortes had liked soap and water a little better, he wouldn't have found it so easy, with just a few hundred men, to demolish in no time at all an empire of millions of Indians. For five centuries, that's been the mystery — how the Spaniards managed to get away with it. And here at last, thanks to Marks, we may have lucked onto a plausible explanation.

It wasn't, as used to be romantically conjectured, that the legend of Quetzalcoatl — with his white skin, his beard, and his disappearance by sailboat into the sunrise — had predisposed Montezuma to confuse Cortes with a returning god. (Marks quite convincingly argues that, if that had been the case, the deeply religious Montezuma would never have tried so hard to persuade Cortes to go back where he came from.) Nor was it, as the great American historian of the conquest, W.H. Prescott, proposed back in the days of Manifest Destiny, that it had been "beneficently ordered by Providence that [Mexico] should be delivered over to another race, who would rescue it from [its] brutish

superstitions" (though Marks, without insulting providence by enlisting it in the cause of racism, believes it was in the long run a good thing for all concerned that the Spaniards turned up when they did). No, the decisive factor in the conquest may well have been nothing more romantic or mystical than the stench of European civilization. . . .

THE ONLY TROUBLE with this old-fashioned approach to history is that, metaphorically speaking anyhow, Aztec civilization stank even worse than its counterpart on the other side of the Atlantic. As Marks reminds us, it was a Dominican monk, Bartolome de las Casas (1474-1566), who originated the idea, lately become so fashionable, that the "discovery" of America was an unmitigated tragedy for the indigenous peoples. Las Casas believed the Indians were God's innocents; and maybe the gentle ones he knew on lush Hispaniola — lolling, in Prescott's picturesque phrase, "under the shade of their bananas" — were just that. But the Aztecs were another story — and one with such a gruesome twist

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that it might have been contrived by some spiteful divinity for the sole purpose of confounding the politically correct.

You're only partly right if you think I'm alluding to the Aztecs' unpleasant habit of paying homage to the war god Huitzilopochtli by spread-eagling captives on his altars and tearing out their hearts. Nor do I particularly have in mind the pleasure the Aztec priests took in peeling the skin from the skulls of their human offerings and putting it on over their own faces while it was still dripping with blood. Real party animals, you bet: but these practices are by no means enough in themselves to tilt the balance of sympathy against them — not when, as Prescott concedes, in Spain at the same time the Inquisition was "yearly destroy[ing] its thousands by a death more painful than the Aztec sacrifices."

And here let's pause for a moment to disappoint those inclined by national prejudices to imagine that other European countries would have made nobler foils for the Aztecs than fanatical Spain. On the contrary, the Spaniards, in their partiality to burning heretics at the stake, were amateurs at cruelty compared, for example, to their neighbors across the Bay of Biscay. If you don't believe it, consider the execution — "a century of humanitarian progress after the Spanish conquest" — of Sir Walter Raleigh. Before his head was hacked off and his body quartered, Raleigh, Marks reports, was hanged just long enough to take the fight out of him, then cut down while still alive and "quickly split open from head to crotch," so his heart and bowels could be pulled out and his genitals cut off and tossed into a fire

"while his eyes were still open and seeing."

"To the Aztecs, who always cloaked human sacrifice . . . with religious rites," Marks observes drily, "all the European methods of execution may with justification have seemed incredibly barbaric."

All the same, the Spaniards, when they finished barbecuing their victims, and the English, after they'd drawn and quartered theirs, were, unlike the Aztecs, insufficiently into recycling to make sandwiches out of what was left over. And you'd never have found in the baggage of even the hungriest European — what Cortes' comrade-in-arms Sandoval was horrified to find in lunch pails dropped by fleeing primitive tribesmen during the siege of Tenochtitlan — the bodies of roasted babies. So you have to be unusually broad-minded to read the story of the conquest without pulling for — white males though they had the misfortune to be — the Spaniards, whose own monstrous appetites, most notably for gold, at least had the advantage of being socially acceptable.

True, because of the Spaniards' lust for gold, several hundred thousand Indians were killed during the 75-day siege of Tenochtitlan in 1521. But, only a few years before that, in 1486, at the dedication in the same city of the great temple of Huitzilopochtli, some 70,000 captives were sacrificed and eaten in the space of a few days. The thought of this latter hecatomb was almost too much for Prescott. "But who can believe," he cries, "that so numerous a body would have suffered themselves to be led unresistingly like sheep to the slaughter?"

Who, at the end of our own splendid century, can believe it indeed?

AND YET — if you can shade your eyes from the hideous light in which, like almost all of history, it displays the human race — what a story the conquest of Mexico remains, maybe the greatest adventure

of all. Any number of breathtaking scenes come to mind, but it's enough to mention the astounding moment — destined to serve ten years later as the model for an equally desperate Pizarro in Peru — in which Cortes, isolated with a handful of troops among a million Aztecs in Tenochtitlan, "arrests" Montezuma in his own palace — and Montezuma, that veritable


Hamlet among Indians, allows himself to be taken into custody! To Cortes' courage, there appears to have been as little limit as to his physical resilience: like a character in a cartoon, he was forever springing up from wounds and concussions that would have killed any ordinary mortal. But no generalizations can do justice to an individual whose life was, like a Bach toccata, one continuous bout of extraordinary action. Better to close by recalling, with the deft

assistance of Marks, an episode in which Cortes reveals himself with a single characteristic gesture.


In 1526, after being trapped in the swamps of Honduras for a year and a half on a pointless expedition, Cortes made his way back to Mexico City, where he'd long since been wishfully pronounced dead by the Spanish officials busy plundering the place in his absence. Indeed, so necessary to their peace of mind was the thought of the conquistador's corpse that they'd had the peasant wife of one of the soldiers who'd accompanied him to Honduras — "a typical, strong-bodied, passionate Spanish woman named Juana de Mansilla" — whipped through the streets for refusing to believe she was a widow.

"When ultimately Cortes made his triumphant entry into the capital before a cheering crowd," Marks writes, "he reined in his mount and held out his hand for Juana de Mansilla. She was promptly assisted by a page in Cortes' entourage who made a hand-stirrup for her — and with a flare of her skirt she swung up her white legs, common dusty *alpargatas* on her feet, and rode behind Cortes on his horse."

*The Spaniards,
after barbecuing
their victims,
were, unlike
the Aztecs,
insufficiently
into recycling
to make
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Menasha Corporation's Land & Timber Division
P.O. Box 588 • North Bend • 756-1193

Moe's Super Lube
330 S. Broadway • Coos Bay • 269-5323

Nasler's Natural Grocery
99 E. First Street • Coquille • 396-4823

Off the Record
101 Central • Coos Bay • 267-5231

The Pancake Mill
2390 Tremont • North Bend, OR 97459 • 756-2751

Weldon & Sons Building/Remodeling
P.O. Box 1734 • Coos Bay • 267-2690

Winter River Books and Gallery
P.O. Box 370 • Bandon • 347-4111

Klamath Basin

Awakenings Bookstore & Gallery
1409 Esplanade • Klamath Falls • 885-8042

Cogley Art Center
4035 S. 6th St. • Klamath Falls • 884-8699

Elzner's Active Office Supply
4525 S. 6th • Klamath Falls • 882-6601

Latourette's Heating
2008 Oregon Ave. • Klamath Falls, OR 97459 • 884-3798

Ronaldo's Cafe Espresso
2350 Dahlia • Klamath Falls • 884-3846

Village Stitchery
905 Main Street • Klamath Falls • 882-0150

Northern California

Yreka Veterinary Hospital
106 Oberlin Road • Yreka • 842-2231

Umpqua Valley

John and Mary Kepka Unruh Unruh, M.D.
Roseburg

JPR programming

At a glance

Specials this month

CLASSICS & NEWS SERVICE KSOR / KSRS

Ring in the New Year with our traditional New Year's Concert from Vienna. This year, Lorin Maazel leads the Vienna Philharmonic in a program of traditional favorites by the Strauss family. Join us for this traditional holiday favorite on Saturday, Jan. 1, at 2 p.m.

Rhythm & News Service KSMF / KSBA / KSKF / KAGI / KNCA

Our country is becoming more and more diverse, racially and culturally. A new series, "Legacies: Tales from America," explores the challenges facing cross-cultural and cross-generational Americans on Wednesdays at 9:30 p.m., beginning January 19. The series is produced by D. Roberts of Portland, and is hosted by James DePriest.

Another view of cross-cultural communication comes from Patricia Villalobos Echeverria, a professor of art at SOSOC. Villalobos, along with collaborator Lloyd P. Pratt, has created Triada-Triouloajo-Triad, a half-hour experimental audio exploration which crosses the barriers erected by language and culture. Hear this unusual audio experience on Wednesday, January 12, at 9 p.m.

Fans of classic jazz will delight to the sounds of the Smithsonian Jazz Masterworks Orchestra on Jazz Smithsonian, a series of programs hosted by none other than Lena Horne. Join us for Jazz Smithsonian Saturdays at noon, beginning January 8.

News & Information Service KSJK

The Information Age is fast upon us, with huge corporations jockeying for position on the new information superhighway. One of the major events that shaped this new era was the breakup of AT&T. A new documentary series, "Hell's Bells," provides important historical context to this rapidly changing story of high-tech, money, and politics. "Hell's Bells" airs Saturdays at 10:00 a.m.

Volunteer profile: Kay Stein

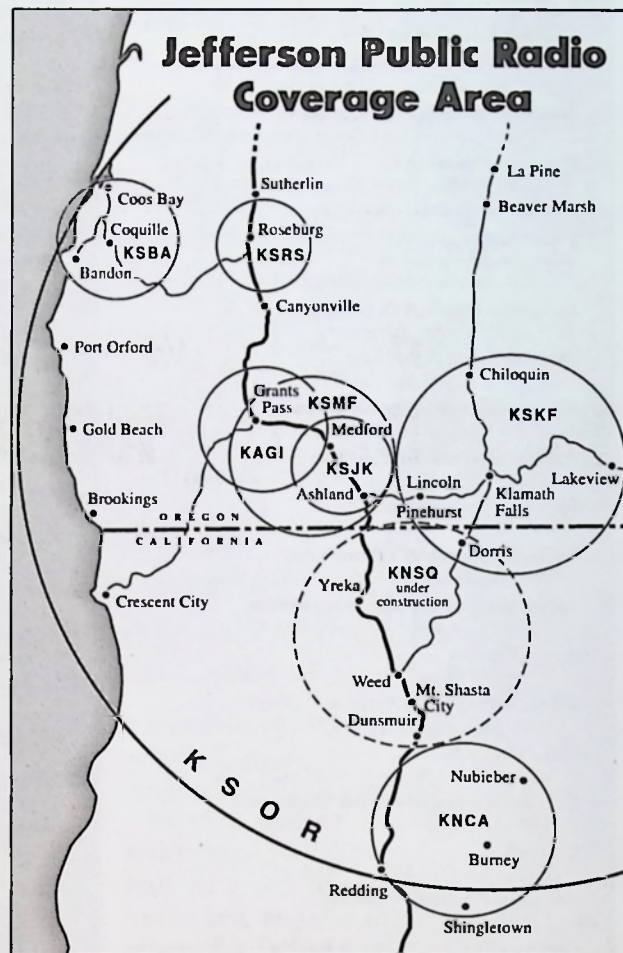
Kay Stein volunteers in Jefferson Public Radio's news department, preparing the newscast for the "Jefferson Daily" and reporting on stories.

She's worked in JPR's news department since August, when she responded to one of news director Annie Hoy's periodic requests for volunteers.

Kay says she wasn't attracted to JPR specifically by an interest in news, but that she's always been interested in doing voice-overs and narration for broadcast. "I knew that, if I didn't check out this opportunity, I'd be sorry," she says.

A 23-year resident of Ashland, Kay has an undergraduate degree in sociology and Spanish. She worked in social services before returning to school to get her master's degree, and she worked for the city of Ashland as director of the department of senior programs. She has two grown sons, and her husband, Jerry, is on the faculty at SOSOC.

"I don't know where this volunteer opportunity will lead," Kay says, "but I'm really enjoying learning about public radio."



Dial Positions in Translator Communities

Bandon	91.7	Happy Camp	91.9
Big Bend, CA	91.3	Jacksonville	91.9
Brookings	91.1	Klamath Falls	90.5
Burney	90.9	Lakeview	89.5
Callahan	89.1	Langlois, Sixes	91.3
Camas Valley	88.7	LaPine, Beaver Marsh	89.1
Canyonville	91.9	Lincoln	88.7
Cave Junction	89.5	McCloud, Dunsmuir	91.3
Chiloquin	91.7	Merrill, Malin, Tulelake	91.9
Coquille	88.1	Port Orford	90.5
Coos Bay	89.1	Parts of Port Orford, Coquille	91.9
Crescent City	91.7	Redding	90.9
Dead Indian-Emigrant Lake	88.1	Roseburg	91.9
Ft. Jones, Etna	91.1	Sutherlin, Glide	89.3
Gasquet	89.1	Weed	89.5
Gold Beach	91.5	Yreka, Montague	91.5
Grants Pass	88.9		

CLASSICS & NEWS

KSOR 90.1 FM
ASHLAND

KSOR dial positions for translator communities
listed on previous page

KSRS 91.5 FM
ROSEBURG

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Morning Edition	4:30 Jefferson Daily	6:00 Weekend Edition	6:00 Weekend Edition
7:00 First Concert	5:00 All Things Considered	8:00 First Concert	8:00 Millennium of Music
12:00 News	6:30 Marketplace	10:30 Metropolitan Opera	9:30 St. Paul Sunday Morning
12:10 Siskiyou Music Hall	7:00 State Farm Music Hall	2:00 Chicago Symphony	11:00 Siskiyou Music Hall
4:00 All Things Considered		4:00 All Things Considered	2:00 On with the Show
		5:00 America and the World	3:00 Classical Countdown
		5:30 Pipedreams	4:00 All Things Considered
		7:00 State Farm Music Hall	5:00 State Farm Music Hall

Rhythm & News

KSMF 89.1 FM
ASHLAND
90.9 FM
CAVE JUNCTION

KSBA 88.5 FM
COOS BAY

KSKF 90.9 FM
KLAMATH FALLS

KAGI AM 930
GRANTS PASS

KNCA 89.7 FM
BURNLEY

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Morning Edition	Iowa Radio Project (Wednesdays)	6:00 Weekend Edition	6:00 Weekend Edition
9:00 Open Air	Milky Way Starlight Theater (Thursdays)	10:00 Car Talk	9:00 Jazz Sunday
3:00 Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz (Fridays)	Creole Gumbo Radio Show (Fridays)	11:00 Living on Earth	2:00 BluesStage
4:00 All Things Considered	9:00 Legacies (Wenesdays)	11:30 Jazz Revisited	3:00 Confessin' the Blues
6:30 Jefferson Daily	9:30 Ken Nordine's Word Jazz (Thursdays)	12:00 Riverwalk: Live from the Landing	4:00 New Dimensions
7:00 Echoes	10:00 Jazz (Mon-Wed)	1:00 Afropop Worldwide	5:00 All Things Considered
9:00 Le Show (Mondays)	Jazzset (Thursdays)	2:00 World Beat Show	6:00 Folk Show
Selected Shorts (Tuesdays)	Vintage Jazz (Fridays)	5:00 All Things Considered	8:00 Musical Enchanter Storytelling Hour
		6:00 Rhythm Revue	9:00 Thistle & Shamrock
		8:00 Grateful Dead Hour	10:00 Music from the Hearts of Space
		9:00 The Retro Lounge	11:00 Possible Musics
		10:00 Blues Show	

News & Information

KSJK AM 1230
TALENT

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Monitorradio Early Edition	Software/Hardtalk (Friday)	6:00 Monitorradio Weekend	6:00 CBC Sunday Morning
5:50 Marketplace Morning Report	1:00 Monitorradio	7:00 BBC Newsdesk	9:00 BBC Newshour
6:50 JPR Local and Regional News	1:30 Pacifica News	7:30 Inside Europe	10:00 Sound Money
8:00 BBC Newshour	2:00 The Jefferson Exchange (Monday)	8:00 Sound Money	11:00 To the Best of Our Knowledge
9:00 Monitorradio	Monitorradio (Tuesday-Friday)	9:00 BBC Newshour	2:00 El Sol Latino
10:00 BBC Newshour	3:00 Marketplace	10:00 Hell's Bells	8:00 BBC World Service
11:00 People's Pharmacy (Monday)	3:30 As It Happens	10:30 Talk of the Town	
The Parents Journal (Tuesday)	5:00 BBC Newshour	11:00 Zorba Pastor on Your Health	
Voices in the Family (Wednesday)	6:00 The Jefferson Daily	12:00 The Parents Journal	
New Dimensions (Thursday)	6:30 Marketplace	1:00 C-SPAN'S Journal	
Quirks and Quarks (Friday)	7:00 The MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour	2:00 Commonwealth Club of California	
12:00 BBC Newsdesk	8:00 BBC Newshour	3:00 Second Thoughts	
12:30 Talk of the Town (Monday)	9:00 Pacifica News	3:30 Second Opinions	
The American Reader (Tuesday)	9:30 BBC Newsdesk	4:00 BBC Newshour	
51 Percent (Wednesday)	10:00 BBC World Service	5:00 To the Best of Our Knowledge	
Milky Way Starlight Theater (Thursday)		8:00 BBC World Service	

ANOTHER CHANCE TO DANCE

The most original, danceable music series on radio goes global.



Saturdays at 1pm
on the
Rhythm & News
Service

FROM NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO

CLASSICS & NEWS SERVICE

Monday-Friday

5:00-6:50 am • Morning Edition

The latest in-depth international and national news from National Public Radio, with host Bob Edwards.

6:50-7:00 am • JPR Morning News

Includes weather for the region and Russell Sadler's Oregon Outlook commentaries.

7:00am-Noon • First Concert

Classical music, with hosts Pat Daly and Peter Van De Graaff. Includes: NPR news at 7:01 and 8:01, *Star Date* at 7:35 am, *Marketplace Morning Report* at 8:35 am, *As It Was* at 9:30, and the *Calendar of the Arts* at 9:00 am

Noon-12:15pm • NPR News, Regional Weather and Calendar of the Arts

12:15-4:00pm • Siskiyou Music Hall

Classical Music, hosted by Russ Levin. Includes *As It Was* at 1:00 pm and *Star Date* at 3:30 pm.

4:00-4:30pm • All Things Considered

The latest news from NPR, with hosts Linda Wertheimer, Robert Siegel, and Noah Adams. Continues at 5:00 pm.

4:30-5:00pm • The Jefferson Daily

Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine, with regional news, interviews, features and commentary.

5:00-6:30pm • All Things Considered

6:30-7:00pm • Marketplace

The day's business and financial news, with host Jim Angle.

7:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson and Josephine County State Farm Insurance agents bring you classical music every night, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

Saturday

6:00-8:00am • Weekend Edition

National and international news from NPR, including analysis from NPR's senior news analyst, Daniel Schorr.

8:00-10:30am • First Concert

Classical music to start your weekend, hosted by Pat Daly and Russ Levin. Includes *Nature Notes* with Dr. Frank Lang at 8:30am, *Calendar of the Arts* at 9:00am, *As It Was* at 9:30am and *Speaking of Words* with Wen Smith at 10:00am.

10:30-2:00pm • Metropolitan Opera

The 1994 season of live opera broadcasts from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City. Your host is Peter Allen.

2:00-4:00pm • The Chicago Symphony

Weekly concerts featuring the CSO conducted by Music Director Daniel Barenboim as well as distinguished guest conductors.

4:00-5:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest international and national news from NPR.

5:00-5:30pm • America and the World

Richard C. Hottelet hosts this weekly discussion of foreign affairs, produced by NPR.

5:30-7:00pm • Pipedreams

Michael Barone's weekly program devoted to music for the pipe organ.

7:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson County State Farm Insurance Agents bring you classical music, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

Sunday

6:00-8:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Liane Hansen – and a visit from "The Puzzle Guy."

8:00-9:30am • Millenium of Music

Robert Aubry Davis surveys the rich – and largely unknown – treasures of European music up to the time of J.S. Bach.

9:30-11:00am • St. Paul Sunday Morning

Exclusive chamber music performances produced for the public radio audience, featuring the world's finest soloists and ensembles. Bill McLaughlin hosts.

11:00-2:00pm • Siskiyou Music Hall

Milt Goldman brings you music from Jefferson Public Radio's classical library.

2:00pm • On with the Show

Herman Edel hosts this weekly survey of the greatest music from the Broadway stage — from well-known hits to the undeservedly obscured. Begins Jan. 9.

3:00pm • Classical Countdown

Rich Caparella hosts this review of the nation's favorite classical recordings. Special segments include "Turkey of the Week."

4:00-5:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest news from NPR.

5:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson County State Farm Insurance agents present classical music, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

Highlights

* indicates composer's birthday

First Concert

- Jan 3 M HAYDN: Symphony No. 22, "Philosopher"
- Jan 4 T CHAMINADE: Piano Trio No. 1
- Jan 5 W BEETHOVEN: Symphony No 1
- Jan 6 Th DVORAK: Violin Sonata in F
- Jan 7 F POULENC: Piano Concerto
-
- Jan 10 M BRAHMS: "Haydn" Variations
- Jan 11 T LISZT: Piano Concerto No. 1
- Jan 12 W SCHUBERT: Sonato for Arpeggione
- Jan 13 Th STRAVINSKY: *Firebird Suite*
- Jan 14 F MOZART: Piano Quartet No. 1 in G
-
- Jan 17 M KODALY: "Peacock" Variations
- Jan 18 T BACH: Partita No. 5
- Jan 19 W BRITTEN: *Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge*
- Jan 20 Th PARKER: Suite for Piano Trio in A
- Jan 21 F GLAZUNOV: *The Seasons*
-
- Jan 24 M RODRIGO: *Concierto de Aranjuez*
- Jan 25 T BEETHOVEN: String Quartet Op 59, No. 3
- Jan 26 W DVORAK: Serenade for Winds
- *Jan 27 Th MOZART: Symphony No. 25
- Jan 28 F BA RBER: Violin Concerto
-
- *Jan 31 M SCHUBERT: Piano Trio No. 2

Siskiyou Music Hall

- Jan 3 M BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1
- Jan 4 T MOZART: String Quintet in D
- Jan 5 W MARTINU: Flute Sonata
- *Jan 6 Th BRUCH: Violin Concerto No. 1
- Jan 7 F HUMMEL: Piano Concerto
-
- Jan 10 M JANACEK: *Sinfonietta*
- Jan 11 T KALINNIKOV: Symphony No. 1
- Jan 12 W RAVEL: *Gaspard de la Nuit*
- Jan 13 Th NIELSEN: Symphony No. 5
- Jan 14 F BARTOK: Music for strings, percussion and celesta
-
- Jan 17 M SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 3
- Jan 18 T HAYDN: Trumpet Concerto
- Jan 19 W SIBELIUS: Violin concerto
- Jan 20 Th BRAHMS: Cello Sonata No. 2
- Jan 21 F MUSSORGSKY: *Pictures at an Exhibition*
-
- Jan 24 M BEETHOVEN: Piano Trio No. 1
- Jan 25 T BACH: Mass in A
- Jan 26 W COPLAND: *Billy the Kid*
- *Jan 27 Th MOZART: Piano Concerto No. 20
- Jan 28 F DVORAK: String Quartet in F, "American"
- Jan 31 M SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 9

Metropolitan Opera

Jan 1 *Les Troyens*, by Berlioz. Cast: Francoise Pollet, Maria Ewing, Gary Lakes, Donald Kaasch, Thomas Hampson, Paul Plishka. Conductor: James Levine (Note: Begins at 9:30 am)

Jan 8 *Madama Butterfly*, by Puccini. Cast: Diana Soviero, Yun Deng, Richard Leech, Thomas Allen. Conductor: Thomas Fulton.

Jan 15 *I Lombardi*, by Verdi. Cast: Aprile Mollo, Luciano Pavarotti, Bruno Beccaria, Feruccio Furlanetta. Conductor: James Levine.

Jan 22 *Elektra*, by Richard Strauss. Cast: Hildegard Behrens, Deborah Voigt, Brigitte Fassbaender, James King, Donald McIntyre. Conductor: James Levine

Jan 29 *Lucia di Lammermoor*, by Donizetti. Cast: Mariella Devia, Jerry Hadley, Juan Pons, Paul Plishka. Conductor: Nello Santi

Chicago Symphony

Jan 1 Pre-empted by New Year's broadcast from Vienna.

Jan 8 Bartok: *Divertimento* for String Orchestra, *Hungarian Sketches*, Piano Concerto No.3; Ravel: *Rhapsodie espagnole*, *Bolero*. Pierre Boulez, conductor. Olli Mustonen, piano.

Jan 15 Mozart: Concerto for Two Pianos in E-flat, K. 365; Liszt: Piano Concerto No. 1 in E-flat; Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No.1 in B-flat Minor, Op. 23. David Zinman, conductor. Misha Dichter and Cipa Dichter, pianists.

Jan 22 Morton Gould: *Fall River Legend*; Grieg: Piano Concerto in A Minor, Op.16; Respighi: *The Fountains of Rome*; Copland: *El Salon Mexico*. Kenneth Jean, conductor. Philip Sabransky, piano.

Jan 29 Beethoven: Violin Concerto in D, Op.61; Schoenberg: Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 16; Wagner: Overture to *Tannhauser*. James Levine, conductor. Pinchas Zukerman, violin.

St. Paul Sunday Morning

Jan 2 The Beaux Arts Trio. Beethoven: Trio No.4 in B-flat, Op. 11; David Baker: *Roots II*; Mendelssohn: Trio No.1 in D Minor, Op. 49.

Jan 9 Rumillajta plays folk music from South America.

Jan 16 The Cleveland String Quartet. Beethoven: Quartet in F, Op.18, No.1; Stephen Paulus: *Quartessence*; Libby Larson: *Schoenberg, Schenker and Schillinger*; Turina: *La oracion del torero*; Brahms: Quartet in C Minor, Op.51, No.1.

Jan 23 Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra, Minnesota Orchestra Wind Musicians, Bill McLaughlin, conductor. Mozart: Serenade No.10 in B-flat, K. 361; Dvorak: Serenade in D Minor, Op.44.

Jan 30 Charles Rosen, piano. Works by Mozart, Beethoven and Chopin.

TUNE IN

THE FOLK SHOW

Sundays 6pm on Rhythm & News

ECHOES

A DAILY
MUSIC
SOUNDSCAPE

Echoes is a soundscape of modern music. Seamless, shifting, flowing, it bridges new age, minimalism, space music, new acoustic music and world fusion.

Weekdays
at 7pm
on the
Rhythm &
News Service

OPEN AIR

Tune-in to Jefferson Public

Radio's house blend of

jazz, contemporary, blues,

and new music. Join

Wynton Marsalis,

B.B. King,

The

Talking

Heads,

Ottmar Leibert, Ricky Lee

Jones, Bob Marley, Miles

Davis, Joni Mitchell, Pat

Metheny and others on a

musical journey that

crosses conventions.

JEFFERSON PUBLIC RADIO

Rhythm & News

Monday-Thursday

9am-4pm

Fridays 9am-3pm

Rhythm & News Service

Monday-Friday

5:00-9:00am • Morning Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Bob Edwards.

9:00-4:00pm • Open Air

An upbeat blend of contemporary jazz, blues, world beat and pop music, hosted by Keith Henty and Colleen Pyke. Includes NPR news updates at a minute past each hour, Ask Dr. Science at 9:30 am, As It Was at 10:30am and Birdwatch at 2:30pm.

4:00-6:30pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR, with hosts Linda Wertheimer, Robert Siegel, and Noah Adams.

6:30-7:00pm • The Jefferson Daily

Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine, with regional news, interviews, features and commentary.

7:00-9:00pm • Echoes

John Diliberto blends exciting contemporary music into an evening listening experience both challenging and relaxing.

9:00-10:00pm • Monday: Le Show

Actor and satirist Harry Shearer (one of the creators of the spoof band "Spinal Tap") creates this weekly mix of music and very biting satire.

9:00-10:00pm • Tuesday: Selected Shorts

Want someone to tell you a story? This series from NPR, recorded live at New York City's Symphony Space, features some of this country's finest actors reading short stories.

9:00-9:30pm • Wed.: Iowa Radio Project

9:00-9:30pm • Wed.: Triada • Trioulaojo • Triad

A special broadcast of an experimental sound/text performance composed by SOSC professor of art Patricia Villalobos Echeverria and Lloyd S. Pratt. This piece explores the limitations and promises of differences of geography, culture, gender, and language. Jan. 12 only. (Preempts Iowa Radio Project.)

9:30pm • Wed.: Legacies: Tales from America

Portland-based producer D. Roberts' series of portraits of cross-cultural and cross-generational Americans. James DePreist, conductor of the Oregon Symphony, introduces each episode.

9:00-9:30pm • Thursday: The Milky Way Starlight Theatre

Richard Moeschl, Brian Parkins and Traci Batchelder create this weekly look at the people, cultures and places that make up the human side of astronomy.

9:30-10:00pm • Thursday: Ken Nordine's Word Jazz

Strange and wonderful word/sound journeys from one of the most famous voices in broadcasting.

9:00-10:00pm • Friday: The Creole Gumbo Radio Show

Host Jerry Embree serves up a spicy gumbo of music Louisiana, including soul and R&B, Cajun folk, blues and zydeco.

10:00-11:00pm • Thursday: Jazzset

NPR's weekly show devoted to live jazz, hosted by saxophonist Branford Marsalis.

10:00-2:00pm • Jazz

Contemporary, mainstream, big band, fusion, avant-garde - a little of everything. Fridays are devoted to vintage jazz.

Saturday

6:00-10:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR.

10:00-11:00am • Car Talk

Click & Clack, the Tappet Bros., also known as Tom and Ray Magliozzi, mix excellent automotive advice with their own brand of offbeat humor. Is it possible to skin your knuckles and laugh at the same time?

11:00-11:30am • Living on Earth

NPR's weekly magazine devoted to environmental news, hosted by Steve Curwood.

11:30-Noon • Jazz Revisited

Hazen Schumacher brings you the best of the first three decades of recorded American jazz: 1917-1947.

Noon-1:00pm • Riverwalk: Live from the Landing

Six months of classic jazz from the Landing in San Antonio, Texas, with the Jim Cullum Jazz Band.

1:00-2:00pm • AfroPop Worldwide

One of the benefits of the shrinking world is the availability of new and exciting forms of music. African broadcaster Georges Collinet brings you the latest pop music from Africa, the Caribbean, South America and the Middle East.

2:00-5:00pm • The World Beat Show

Thom Little brings you Afropop, reggae, calypso, soca, salsa, and many other kinds of upbeat world music.

5:00-6:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR.

6:00-8:00pm • Rhythm Revue

Felix Hernandez hosts two hours of classic soul, R&B and roots rock.

8:00-9:00pm • The Grateful Dead Hour

David Gans with a weekly tour through the nearly endless archives of concert recordings by the legendary band.

9:00-10:00pm • The Retro Lounge

Your host Lars presents all manner of musical oddities, rarities, and obscurities from the 1960s. Old favorites you've never heard before? Is it *deja vu*? Or what?

10:00-2:00am • The Blues Show

Jason Brummitt with the best in blues.

Sunday

6:00-9:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Liane Hansen – and a visit from "The Puzzle Guy."

9:00-2:00pm • Jazz Sunday

Contemporary jazz with host Michael Clark.

2:00-3:00pm • BluesStage

Our favorite live blues program moves to a new time. Ruth Brown hosts.

3:00-4:00pm • Confessin' the Blues

Peter Gaulke focuses on the rich legacy of recorded American blues.

4:00-5:00pm • New Dimensions

This weekly interview series focuses on thinkers on the leading edge of change. Michael and Justine Toms host.

5:00-6:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR.

6:00-8:00pm • The Folk Show

Keri Green brings you the best in contemporary folk music.

8:00-9:00pm • The Musical Enchanter Storytelling Hour

This popular family program mixes songs and stories, and features Tish Seinfeld and Paul Richards.

9:00-10:00pm • The Thistle and Shamrock

Fiona Ritchie's weekly survey of Celtic music from Ireland, Scotland and Brittany.

10:00-11:00pm • Music from the Hearts of Space

Contemporary, meditative "space music" hosted by

Stephen Hill.

11:00-3:00am • Possible Musics

Space music and new age music in an interesting soundscape.

Highlights

Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz

Jan 7 John Stretch
Jan 14 Alan Clare
Jan 21 Clark Terry
Jan 28 Charles Thomas

AfroPop Worldwide

Jan 1 New Artists from Zimbabwe
Jan 8 Joao Bosco
Jan 15 African Dance Classes
Jan 22 Dakar Rendezvous
Jan 29 Los Munequitos de Matanzas Live

BluesStage

Jan 2 Ruth Brown
Jan 9 Rory Block
Jan 16 Toni Lynn Washington
Jan 23 Robert Lowry and Virgil Thrasher
Jan 30 Nathan Williams and the Zydeco Chas

New Dimensions

Jan 2 Living Fear, Living Love, with Marianne Williamson
Jan 9 Taming Your Inner Critic, with Hal Stone and Sidra Stone
Jan 16 Wisdom of the Elders, with Martin High Bear, Woableza, and Rose Dryer
Jan 23 Living Your Dying, with Bernie Siegel, M.D.
Jan 30 The Hidden Gospels, with June Singer

Confessin' the Blues

Jan 2 The Jameses (Skip and Elmore)
Jan 9 Texas Guitar Greats
Jan 16 Obscure New Orleans R&B Sides
Jan 23 The Muddy Waters/Johnny Winter Collaborations
Jan 30 Ringin' the Bell (Carey Bell and Laurie Bell)

Jazzset

Jan 6 Black Note
Jan 13 Edward Wilckerson's Eight Bold Souls
Jan 20 The Wynton Marsalis Septet
Jan 27 Geoff Keezer, Harold Mabern, Mulgrew Miller, and James Williams salute Phineas Newborn, Jr.

Thistle and Shamrock

Jan 2 Silver Lining: Transforming bad weather into good music
Jan 9 Fiddlesticks
Jan 16 Adding Keyboards
Jan 23 Celts in Harmony
Jan 30 A Celtic Winter

Living on EARTH

**Environmental news
with the depth,
balance and clarity
you expect from
National Public
Radio.**

"The best of the eco-radio
programs."

— New Age Journal

**Saturdays
at 11am
Rhythm &
News Service**



**Join BluesStage
producer, Felix
Hernandez, for
two hours of great
American music –
roots rock, soul,
and R & B.**

**Saturdays at 6pm
Rhythm & News**

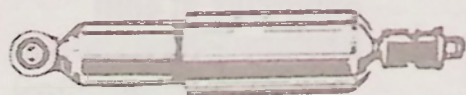
rrroarsqueeal
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tappatappa
ticktick
ee-ee-eee
car talk



Mixing
wisecracks
with
muffler
problems
and
word puzzles

with wheel
alignment,
Tom & Ray
Magliozzi
take the fear
out of car repair.

**Saturdays at 10am on the
Rhythm & News Service**



FROM NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO

News & Information Service

Monday-Friday

5:00-8:00am • Monitoradio

The latest national and international news from the radio news service of the *Christian Science Monitor*. Includes:

5:50am • Marketplace Morning Report

6:50am • JPR Local and Regional News

8:00am-9:00am • BBC Newshour

News from around the world from the world service of the British Broadcasting Company.

9:00am-10:00 a.m. • Monitorradio

10:00am-11:00am • BBC Newshour

11:00am-Noon Monday • People's Pharmacy

11:00am-Noon Tuesday • The Parents Journal

11:00am-Noon Wednesday • Voices in the Family

Dan Gottlieb, a psychologist and family therapist, hosts this weekly program devoted to issues of mental and emotional health.

11:00am-Noon Thursday • New Dimensions

11:00am-Noon Friday • Quirks and Quarks

The CBC's award-winning science program.

12:00-12:30pm • BBC Newsdesk

The latest international news from the BBC World Service.

12:30pm-1:00pm Monday • Talk of the Town

Claire Collins hosts this interview program devoted to local and regional issues.

12:30pm-1:00pm Tuesday • The American Reader

Interviews with authors of the latest books.

12:30pm-1:00pm Wednesday • 51 Percent

Features and interviews devoted to women's issues.

12:30pm-1:00pm Thursday • The Milky Way Starlight Theatre

Richard Moeschl, Brian Parkins, and Traci Ann Batchelder create this weekly look at the people, culture, and places that make up the human side of

astronomy.

12:30pm-1:00pm Friday • Software/-Hardtalk

Computer expert John C. Dvorak demystifies the dizzying changes in the world of computers.

1:00pm-1:30pm • Monitorradio

The latest national and international news.

1:30pm-2:00pm • Pacifica News

National and international news from the Pacifica News Service.

2:00pm-3:00pm Monday • The Jefferson Exchange

Wen Smith, Ken Marlin, Lee Carrau, and Mary Margaret Van Diest host a call-in discussion of issues of importance to southern Oregon.

2:00pm-3:00pm Tuesday-Friday • Monitorradio

The afternoon edition of the daily news magazine from the radio news service of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

3:00pm-3:30pm • Marketplace

The day's business and financial news, with host Jim Angle.

3:30pm-5:00pm • As It Happens

National and international news from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

5:00pm-6:00pm • BBC Newshour

6:00pm-6:30pm • The Jefferson Daily

Local and regional news magazine produced by Jefferson Public Radio.

6:30pm-7:00pm • Marketplace

A repeat broadcast of the 3:00pm program.

7:00pm-8:00pm • The MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour

The audio of the award-winning PBS TV news program, provided with the cooperation of the Newshour and Southern Oregon Public Television.

8:00pm-9:00pm • BBC Newshour

The latest international news from the British Broadcasting Corporation.

9:00pm-9:30pm • Pacifica News

Repeat of the 1:30pm broadcast.

9:30pm-10:00pm • BBC Newsdesk

10:00pm-11:00pm • BBC World Service

Saturday

6:00am-7:00am • Monitoradio
Weekend

7:00am-7:30am • BBC Newsdesk

7:30am-8:00am • Inside Europe

A weekly survey of European news produced by Radio Deutsche Welle in Cologne, Germany.

8:00am-9:00am • Sound Money

Bob Potter hosts this weekly program of financial advice. (Repeats Sunday at 10:00am.)

9:00am-10:00am • BBC Newshour

10:00am-10:30am • Hell's Bells

10:30am-11:00am • Talk of the Town

Claire Collins hosts this interview program devoted to local and regional issues. (Repeats Mondays at 12:30pm.)

11:00am-12:00 Noon • Zorba Paster on
Your Health

Family practitioner Zorba Paster, MD, hosts this live national call-in about your personal health.

12:00pm-1:00pm • The Parents Journal

Parenting in the '90s is tougher than ever. On this weekly program, host Bobbi Connor interviews experts in education, medicine, and child development for helpful advice to parents.

1:00pm-2:00pm • C-SPAN'S Weekly
Radio Journal

A collection of voices heard on cable TV's public-affairs network.

200pm-3:00pm • Commonwealth Club
of California

Lectures and discussions from one of the oldest and largest public-affairs forums in the U.S. The Club's non-partisan policy strives to bring a balanced viewpoint on all issues.

3:00pm-3:30pm • Second Thoughts

David Horowitz hosts this weekly program of interviews and commentary from a conservative perspective.

3:30pm-4:00pm • Second Opinions

Erwin Knoll, editor of The Progressive magazine,

with a program of interviews from a left perspective.

4:00pm-5:00pm • BBC Newshour

A repeat of the 5:00pm broadcast.

5:00pm-8:00pm • To the Best of our
Knowledge

Interviews, features, and discussions of contemporary politics, culture, and events.

8:00pm-Midnight • BBC World Service

News and features from the British Broadcasting Service.

Sunday

6:00am-9:00am • CBC Sunday
Morning

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's wrap-up of the week's news, including innovative documentaries on contemporary issues.

9:00-11:00am • BBC Newshour

10:00-11:00am • Sound Money

11:00am-2:00pm • To the Best of Our
Knowledge

Interviews and features about contemporary political, economic, and cultural issues, produced by Wisconsin Public Radio.

2:00pm-8:00pm • El Sol Latino

Music, news and interviews by and for Southern Oregon's Spanish-speaking community - *en espanol*.

8:00pm-Midnight • BBC World Service

News and features from the British Broadcasting Service.

DID YOU KNOW?

*80% of public radio's listeners
hold a more positive image of
companies that support public
radio.*

Arts scene

Michele Smirl, Editor

Send announcements of arts-related events to: Arts Scene, Jefferson Public Radio, 1250 Siskiyou Blvd., Ashland OR 97520. January 15 is the deadline for the March issue. For more information about arts events, listen to JPR's "Calendar of the Arts" weekdays at 10 a.m. and noon.

Rogue Valley

Music

•The Emerson String Quartet will perform works by Beethoven on Jan. 15 at 8 p.m. in the Music Recital Hall at Southern Oregon State College in Ashland. For more information, call the Chamber Music Concerts office at 503-552-6154.

•Rogue Valley Symphony Concert Series, Arthur Shaw, conductor. Grammy nominee Karen Elaine will play J.C. Bach's Concerto for Viola and Paganini's Caprice No. 24. Also on the program: Mozart's Symphony No. 25, Grieg's *Peer Gynt Suite No. 1*, and Dvorak's *Slavonic Dances*. Performances are scheduled on Jan. 20 in the SOSC Music Recital Hall in Ashland, on Jan. 21 at the First Baptist Church in Grants Pass, and on Jan. 22 at South Medford High School in Medford. All concerts begin at 8 p.m. On Jan. 29, Shaw and guest host Russell Sadler will present a **Discovery Concert** at South Medford High School at 9:30 a.m. The program includes Grieg's *Peer Gynt Suite No. 1* and Dvorak's *Slavonic Dances*. Admission is \$3. For more information, call 503-552-6354.

•Throat Singers of Tuva. In Tuva, a part of Siberia near Mongolia, singers use their voices to create flute-like whistles and deep guttural chants at the same time. Jan. 9; 8 p.m.; SOSC Music Recital Hall. 503-552-6464.

•Ashland High School Concert: Jan. 27; 7:30 p.m. High School Choral Festival: Jan. 28-29; 3 p.m. Both concerts in the SOSC Music Recital Hall. 503-552-6464.

•The Northwest Bach Ensemble and the musicians of the Oregon Shakespeare Festival will present their annual New Year's concerts at 8 p.m.

STATE FARM



EYE ON INSURANCE

An update on issues and events affecting policy holders throughout the nation.

Report Rates 338 Insurers Vulnerable to Insolvency

*The Journal of
Commerce*

The number of property/casualty insurers rated as being susceptible to insolvency has increased in the latest annual report issued by Standard & Poor's Corp. The report lists 338 property/casualty insurers as being at risk of insolvency compared with 254 companies classified at risk in last year's report. Sixteen of those companies have since become insolvent, failures attributed mainly to losses from Hurricane Andrew. Most of the companies receiving the lower ratings are small ones that operate regionally and account for only 3% of the industry's total premiums. (Note: State Farm Mutal, Fire, and Life received superior, or A++, ratings from A.M. Best Co.)

A \$62,000 Ford Taurus

*Alliance of
American
Insurers*

Would you pay more than \$62,000 for a Ford Taurus? Probably not, but that is the cost of rebuilding one with original equipment manufacturer (OEM) parts. According to a study conducted by the Alliance of American Insurers, a Ford Taurus with a retail price of \$19,095 would total \$62,700 if all of its OEM parts were purchased separately. The Alliance conducts this study annually, using a different subject vehicle each year. "The purpose of this study is to demonstrate the high cost of automobile repairs," explained Alliance President Rodger Lawson. "Since insurers pay for replacement of damaged auto parts, they must charge premiums which reflect the cost of those parts. For this reason we have been working for several years to lower the costs of auto parts." Lawson explained that the insurance industry advocates the use of certified competitive replacement parts, also known as "aftermarket parts," because they are less expensive than OEM parts. Certification requires them to be "of like kind and quality" to OEM parts, according to the Certified Automotive Parts Association (CAPA). Only those which have passed rigid tests and have proved to be equal to or better than the OEM parts can receive the CAPA stamp of approval. The competition created by the sale of parts produced by independent manufacturers has resulted in the price reduction of many OEM parts. For example, the following parts were all reduced in price after independently made parts entered the market: a 1985 Chevrolet Camaro fender costing \$207 was reduced in 1991 to \$167 because of competition from a non-OEM fender costing \$142. The hood for a Plymouth Voyager which cost \$249 in 1987 was reduced to \$210 in 1991. And a Ford Escort hood priced at \$237 in 1990 dropped to \$180 in 1991. The competition is unwelcome by the OEMs who for many years enjoyed a monopoly in the car parts market.

Sponsored by Southern Oregon State Farm Agents Laurie Bixby; Bill Cobb, CLU; Judith Compton; Bill Dorris, CLU; Karolyne Hugo; Dan Marshall; Tom Nelson; Lee Niedermeyer; Ric Olney; Jim Sorensen; Rory Wold; David Wise, CLU; and John Yaple.

on Dec. 31 and Jan. 1 in Carpenter Hall, Ashland. Tickets, available at Cripple Creek Music, are \$10 (\$9, seniors; \$6, students). 503-482-5017.

Exhibits

• **Susan Applegate:** "Landmarks: Images of Immigration — Then and Now." Oils, mixed media, and relics. Through Jan. 14. Rogue Gallery, 40 South Bartlett, Medford. 503-772-8118.

• **Natural Voices.** Work by Lucinda Parker, Dennis Cunningham, Christy Wychkoff, and R. Keany Rathbun. Jan. 6-Feb. 18. Schneider Museum of Art, Siskiyou and Indiana, Ashland. 503-552-6245.

Klamath Basin

Theater

• **The Front Page.** Ben Hecht's classic comedy about newspapermen. Jan. 2-Feb. 12. Linkville Playhouse, 201 Main, Klamath Falls. 503-884-6782.

Umpqua Valley

Music

• **A Classical Twelfth Night,** presented by the Fine and Performing Arts Department of Umpqua Community College. The program features Beethoven's Mass in C and Honegger's *Christmas Cantata*, performed by the Vintage Singers with the Umpqua Youth Choir. 8 p.m.; \$6; First Presbyterian Church. For more information, call 503-440-4600.

• **Robert Burns Night Celebration,** featuring harpist Mary Anderson, guitarist/flautist Ken Brown, and the Eugene Highlanders Pipe and Drum Band. Jan. 22; 7:30 p.m. Umpqua Community College, Jacoby Auditorium, 1140 Umpqua College Rd., Roseburg. 503-440-4600.

• **The Music of Ned Rorem.** Jan. 11; noon. Umpqua Community College, 1140 Umpqua College Rd., Roseburg. 503-440-4600.

Exhibits

• **A Response to AIDS through Art.** Jan. 3-Feb. 1. Umpqua Community College, 1140 Umpqua College Rd., Roseburg. 503-440-4600.

Strike Up The Band!

The Grants Pass High School Band

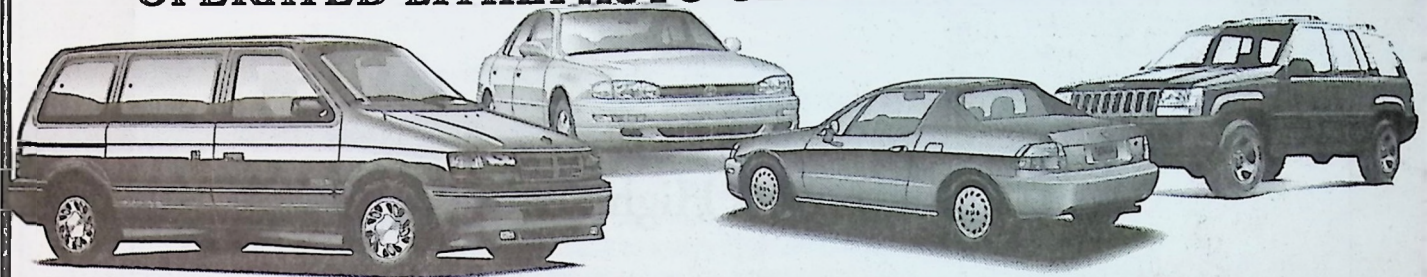
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